

THE MOST
VICIOUS GANG
IN THE WORLD!
"BLACK
HAND!"

GIVEN! ACT NOW MAIL COUPON!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



WE ARE RELIABLE!



55th Year

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

OUR 55th YEAR

JIM and BETTY FIND A NEW "TREASURE"



ACT NOW 55th YEAR

Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men!

Lovable Dolls over 15" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's fun! Easy! We trust you! Begin at once!

Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Mail coupon to start.



BE FIRST



NO MONEY NOW

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Baseballs (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash easily yours. To start, mail coupon for White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and Pictures easily sold to friends, relatives, neighbors at 25c a box (with picture).

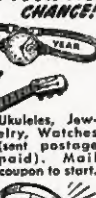


YOUR BIG CHANCE!

LOOK!

START TODAY!

Football, Basketball (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.



BIG CATALOG!



Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

WE ARE RELIABLE

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 148-R, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen: Please send me trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

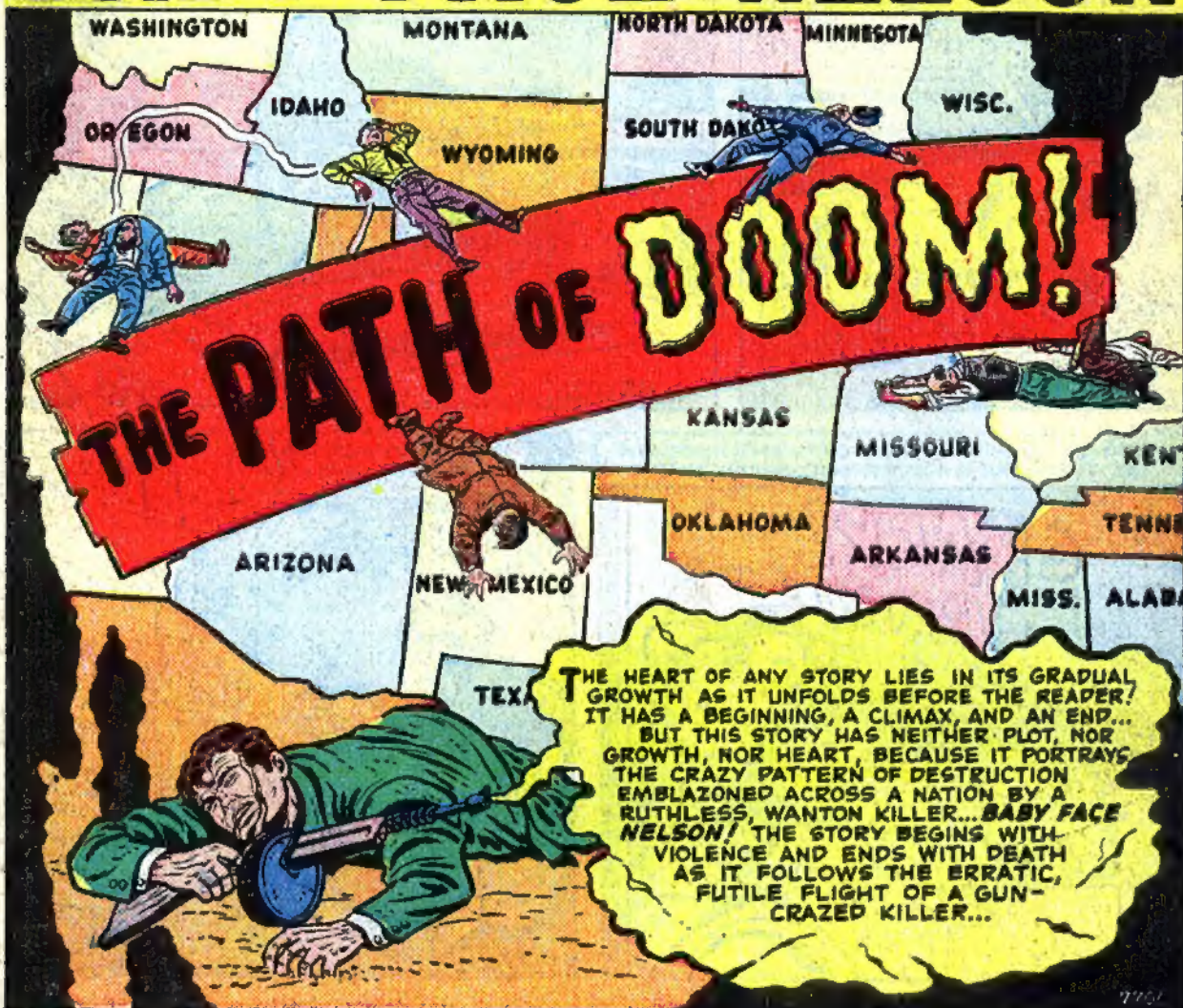
St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

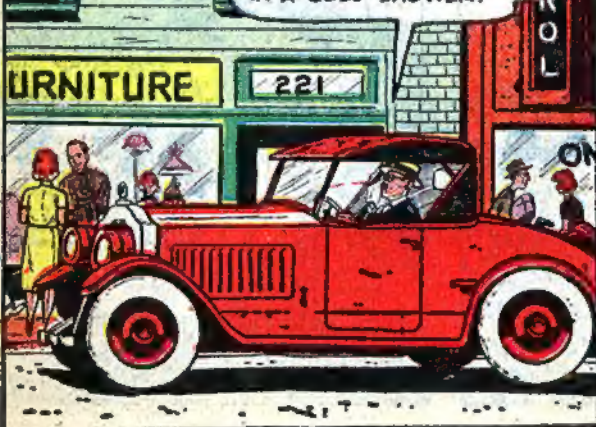
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

BABY FACE NELSON



ON A HOT AFTERNOON IN JULY, 1933, THEODORE W. KIDDER MOOPED HIS BROW AS HE DROVE THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS OF MINNEAPOLIS...

WHEW! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET HOME AND DOUSE MYSELF IN A COLD SHOWER!

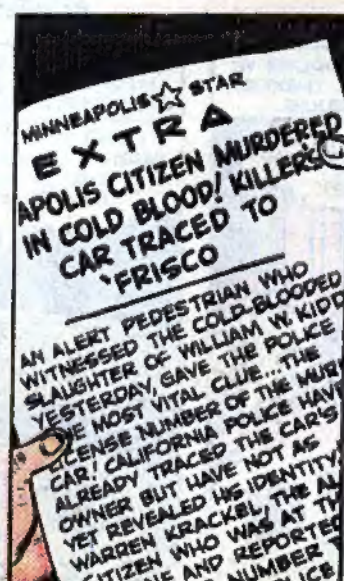
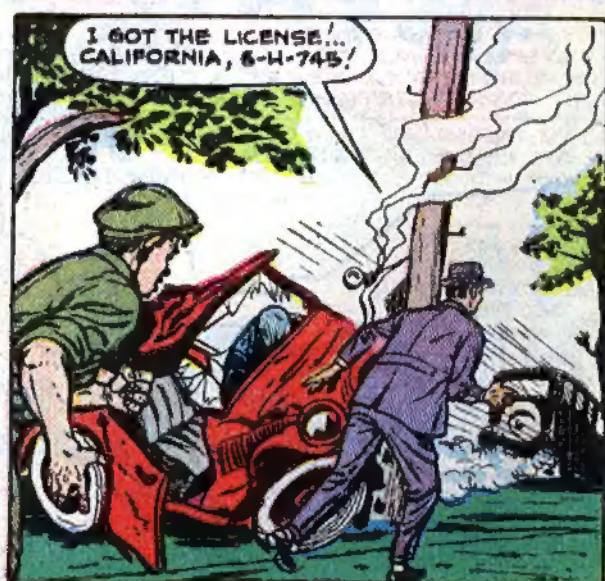
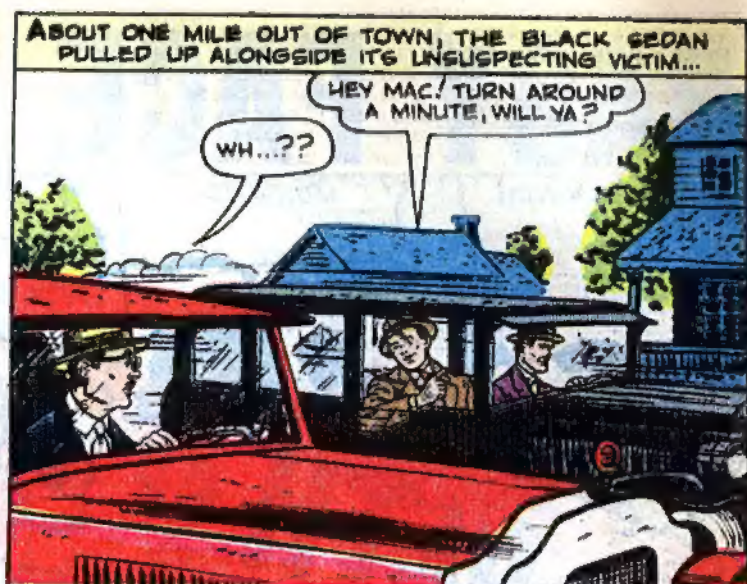
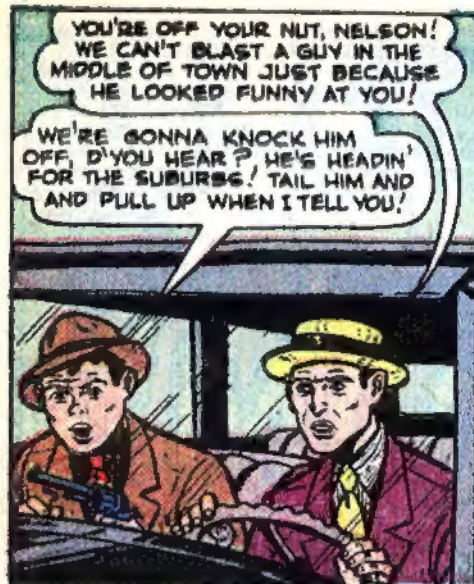


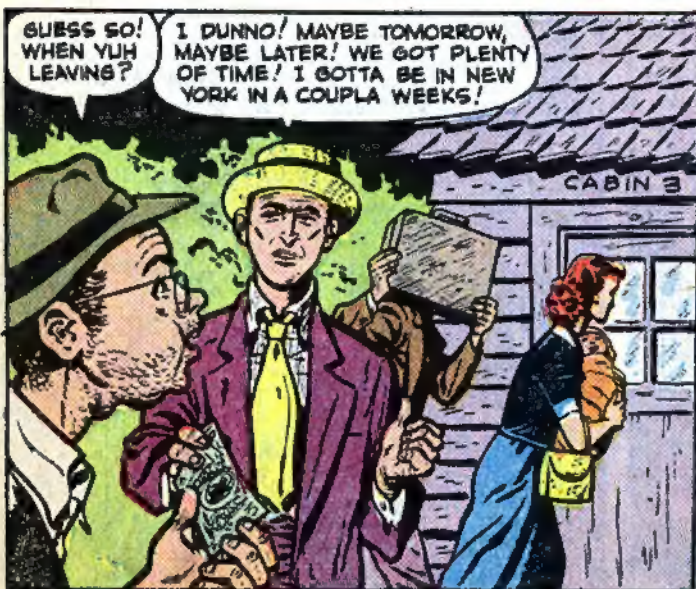
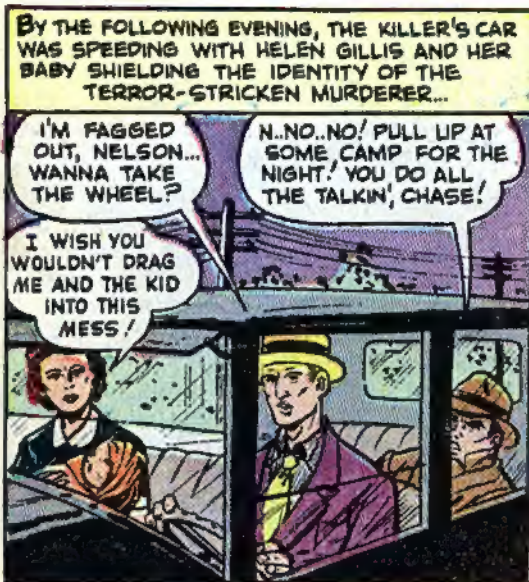
THEODORE W. KIDDER WAS AN HONEST CITIZEN OF MINNEAPOLIS, SO IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM THAT DEATH TRAILED HIM IN A BLACK SEDAN...

I DON'T GET IT, NELSON! WHADDA WE GOT AGAINST THE BIRD IN THE CAR UP AHEAD?

I DON'T LIKE HIM, THAT'S WHAT! HE LOOKED AT ME FUNNY WHEN WE STOPPED FOR THE LIGHT. HE MUST BE A COP! ANYWAY, I DON'T LIKE HIM!







CHASE LEFT FOR GROCERIES WHILE NELSON TIMIDLY TURNED ON THE RADIO...

YOU WOULDN'T GET FAR WITHOUT CHASE! YOUR FACE IS PLASTERED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! BUT NOBODY KNOWS CHASE!

YEAH! HE'S A GOOD GUY! I BROKE HIM IN! HE KEEPS HIS MOUTH SHUT AND RUNS THE SAME THING FOR JOHNNY DILLINGER BEFORE I GOT INTO THE BIG TIME!



SAN FRANCISCO POLICE REPORT THE CAR FROM WHICH THEODORE W. KIDDER WAS SHOT WAS PURCHASED BY JAMES FOWLER AND BABY FACE NELSON! FOWLER IS BEING HELD FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING WHILE THE SEARCH FOR NELSON CONTINUES...

F. FOWLER TALKED!



JOHN PAUL CHASE RETURNED AN HOUR LATER TO FIND HIS BOSS A QUIVERING MASS OF SHATTERED NERVES...

WHAT'S UP? WHAT HAPPENED?

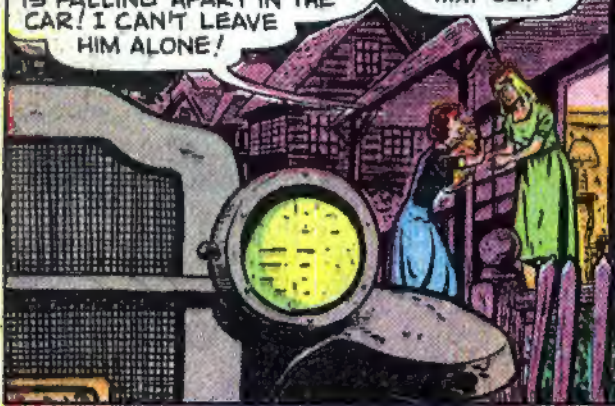
WE GOTTA DUST THIS JOINT! FOWLER SANG! WE CAN'T STAY HERE! TOSS THE CHOW IN THE CAR! WE'LL EAT ON THE ROAD!



THE WILD, ERRATIC FLIGHT CONTINUED UNTIL THE FUGITIVES REACHED BREMERTON, WASHINGTON, A WEEK LATER...

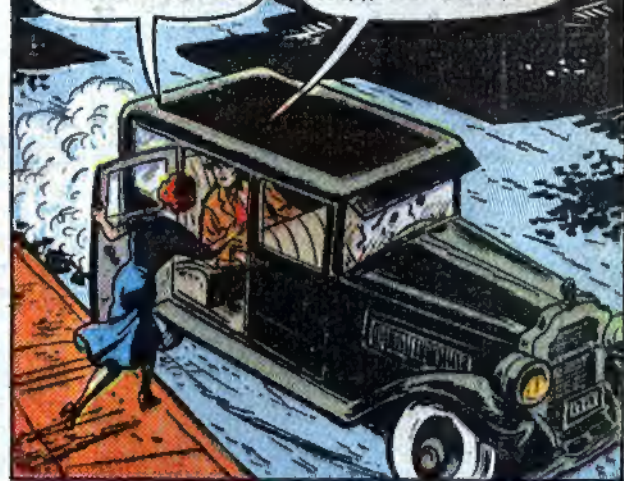
DO IT FOR ME, SIS! TAKE CARE OF THE KID UNTIL WE COME BACK FOR HIM! BABY FACE IS FALLING APART IN THE CAR! I CAN'T LEAVE HIM ALONE!

SURE, HELEN, SURE! BUT I THINK YOU'RE A FOOL TO GO WITH THAT BUM!



I LEFT THE KID WITH MY SISTER! WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

RENO, NEVADA! I GOT PALS THERE! WE CAN LAY LOW UNTIL THE HEAT COOLS OFF!



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED RENO, A NEW DEVELOPMENT HAD ARISEN...

THIS TOWN IS HOT, NELSON! THE FEDS BUSTED UP COOKIE ROGERS' OUTFIT AND ARE HOLDING FRANKIE LANE AS A MATERIAL WITNESS! LANE IS GONNA BLAB SURE AS YOU'RE SITTING HERE!

I GOT TOO MANY STRINGS IN THIS TOWN AND THEY AIN'T GONNA BE BROKEN BY A PENNY ANTE STOOLIE LIKE LANE! COME ON, CHASE!

WE GOT WORK TO DO!



WE GOT CONTACTS IN THIS BURG, CHASE! GO OUT AND DIS UP A CHOPPER AND SOME ARMORED VESTS! I'LL MEET YOU IN THE HOTEL!

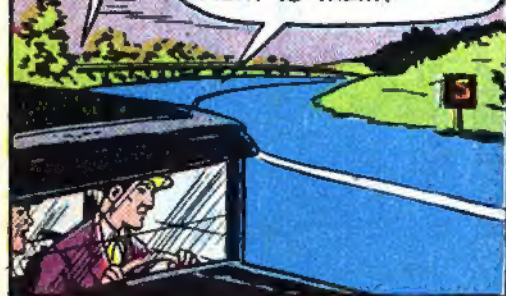
IF YOU GOT ANY IDEAS OF PUTTING THE BLAST ON LANE, THIS TOWN'LL BE SIZZLING WITH FEDS! I'LL GET THE HARDWARE, BUT I THINK WE OUGHT TO BLOW AND FORGET THE FIREWORKS!



THE FAITHFUL CHASE ROUNDED UP SOME IMPLEMENTS OF DEATH AND AT 11:00 P.M. THAT NIGHT THE RUTHLESS DUO WERE PARKED ON A HIGHWAY TWO MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

YOU SURE YOU GOT THE DOPE STRAIGHT?

YEAH! THE BULLS GOT A DEAL COOKED UP WITH FRANKIE LANE! HE'S GONNA MEET SOME OF THE BOYS IN BEAUMONT AND LEAD THE BULLS RIGHT TO THEM!



MAYBE THAT'S HIM NOW! HE'S USING A GREEN COUPE! THE BULLS WILL TAIL HIM ABOUT FIVE MINUTES BEHIND!

LANE IS NEVER GOING TO REACH BEAUMONT! LET'S GO!



FORTY SECONDS LATER, A GREEN COUPE SHUDDERED UNDER THE IMPACT OF MACHINE GUN SLUGS AND A GANGLAND STOOGE SLUMPED DEAD OVER THE WHEEL!

CRASH ZING!
ZING!



HE'S FINISHED! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE THE COPS SHOW! HELEN CAN MEET US LATER!



THUS THE INSANE PATTERN CONTINUED ACROSS THE WEST IN A ZIG-ZAG LINE OF ERRATIC CRIME! TEN DAYS LATER, IN SAN FRANCISCO, BABY FACE NELSON STOPPED TO REORGANIZE HIS AFFAIRS...

WE'RE GOING INTO THE REAL BIG-TIME NOW, BOYS! I JUST GOT WORD THAT DILLINGER IS READY TO BLAST HIS WAY OUT OF THE CROWN POINT JUG! WE'RE GONNA MEET HIM IN CHICAGO AND TEAM UP!

I CAN'T DO ANY MORE LEG WORK, NELSON! I'M TOO HOT! I'M BREAKING IN FATSO NEGRI AS OUR BUSINESS AGENT!



YOU GOT A GOOD REP ON THE COAST, BUT HOW ARE YOUR CONTACTS IN THE MID-WEST, FATSO?

I CAN GET CARS, AMMO AND GUNS QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SQUEEZE A TRIGGER! I GOT GOOD CONNECTIONS! JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED AND I'LL GET IT!



THE DESPERATE JOHN DILLINGER MADE GOOD HIS THREAT, AND TWO WEEKS LATER THE CRIME SYNDICATES MADE CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER IN CHICAGO...

I BROUGHT DILLINGER'S FRONT MAN ALONG, NELSON! THE BIG BOSS WANTS US TO MEET HIM IN A SCHOOLYARD OUTSIDE OF TOWN!

GOOD! FATSO, YOU AND CHASE PATROL THAT MEETING PLACE! WE'LL WALK IN THE YARD ONE AT A TIME! PARK THE CARS AROUND THE CORNER!



IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, USING THE PRESENCE OF LITTLE CHILDREN AS COVER, THE BIG GUNS OF CRIME MET IN SECRET CONCLAVE...



I NEED DOUGH AND I NEED IT FAST! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE MERCHANT NATIONAL BANK IN SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, BUT WE NEED EQUIPMENT! THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, BABY FACE!

TELL ME WHAT YOU NEED AND MY BOYS WILL GET IT!



WE NEED TWO GETAWAY CARS... FAST JOBS! WE NEED SHOT GUNS, TOMMY GUNS, AMMUNITION AND STEEL VESTS!

I'LL PUT CHASE AND FATSO ON IT! WE'LL HAVE THE STUFF BY THE END OF THE WEEK!



EIGHT DAYS LATER, UNDER COVER OF PROTECTING FIRE, THE GANG BLASTED ITS WAY OUT OF THE BANK, LADEN WITH LOOT...



THE GANG SPLIT AND AFFECTED A CLEAN GETAWAY, BUT BEHIND THEM A POLICE-MAN LAY DEAD AND THE JAWS OF A HUGE FBI NET BEGAN CLOSING ITS COUNTRYWIDE PINNERS ON THE FLEEING GANG! THE HEAT WAS ON AND THE COST OF UNDERWORLD PROTECTION SOARED! NOBODY WANTED CONTACT WITH THE KILLERS! THEY WERE A POTENTIAL KISS OF DEATH TO ANYONE WHO'D DARE SHELTER THEM!

THE PRICE FOR PROTECTION RAN HIGH, BUT THE NELSON GANG FOUND TEMPORARY REFUGE IN A DISREPUTABLE "SANITARIUM" IN VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA...

THE OLD MAN'S GOT SOME SET-UP HERE, EH? THE BULLS WOULDN'T DREAM OF RAIDING A SANITARIUM TO LOOK FOR US!

YEAH, OLD MAN BOYD'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA! RETIRE FROM CRIME AND OPEN A REST HOME FOR FUGITIVE YEGGS LIKE US! HAW! HAW!



YOU GUYS GOTTA BLOW OUTTA HERE FAST! THE FEDS JUST GOT DILLINGER IN FRONT OF A CHICAGO MOVIE HOUSE! HERE'S A THOUSAND BUCKS! I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU GO, BUT GET MOVING, FAST!

TH-THEY GOT JOHNNY? THAT MEANS THEY'LL CLOSE ON US NEXT!



I'M BREAKING OUT ON MY OWN! WE STAND A BETTER CHANCE IF WE SPLIT!

GO AHEAD AND LAM, FATSO! I'LL STICK WITH BABY FACE!



TWO WEEKS LATER, USING HIS WIFE AS A FRONT, NELSON AND CHASE SPED TOWARDS A HIDEOUT NEAR BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS!

WE'RE HEADIN' FOR A JOINT WHERE I KNOW THE BOSS! DILLINGER AND ME ONCE HAD A BLAST PARTY WITH FEDS THERE! I KNOCKED OFF AN AGENT NAMED W. CARTER BAUM!

I HOPE YOU'RE PLAYING THE RIGHT CARD, NELSON! THE FEDS WILL CHECK ALL THE OLD HIDE-OUTS!



ON A COOL AFTERNOON IN NOVEMBER, 1934, THE KILLERS' CAR ROLLED THROUGH THE QUIET STREETS OF BARRINGTON, UNAWARE THAT THE FBI AGENTS WERE ALREADY TAGGING THEM...

IT'S TOO QUIET HERE! I DON'T LIKE IT! I GOT A FEELING THE JOINT'S LOADED!

ME TOO! HOW COME THIS JOKER ON THE SIDE IS TRYING TO PASS US?



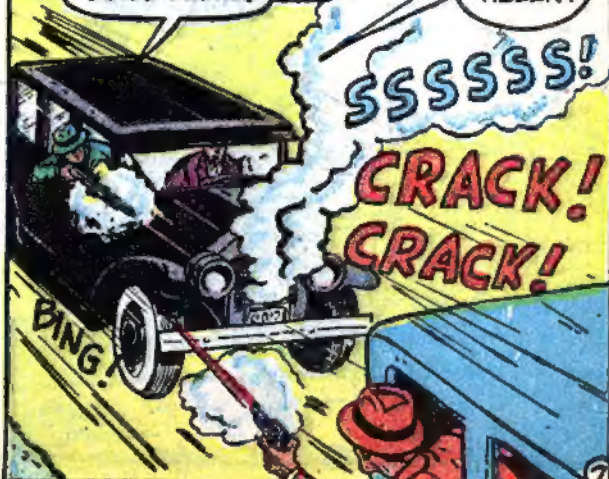
SUDDENLY, INSTINCT EXPLODED INSIDE THEM AND THE KILLERS KNEW THEY WERE BEING SURROUNDED...

IT'S THE FEDS! I CAN TELL BY THE LOOK ON THAT GUY'S MUG! CATCH UP TO 'EM, CHASE! I'M GONNA BLAST 'EM!



PULL OVER TO THE SIDE, CHASE! THEY GOT OUR RADIATOR! I'LL GET 'EM! I'LL GET THEM DIRTY BULLS!

ROLL OUT WHEN WE STOP HELEN!



SSSSSSS!

CRACK!
CRACK!





NEVER MIND THE FIRST CAR!
CONCENTRATE ON THE RATS
SNEAKING UP BEHIND US!



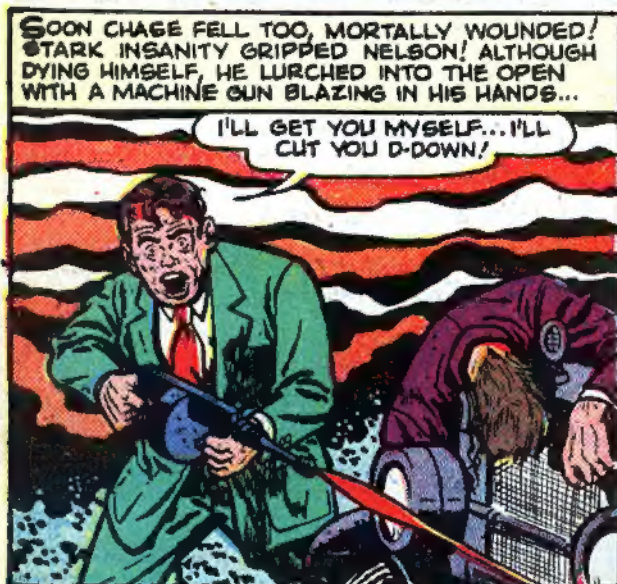
LET 'EM HAVE IT!
GIVE IT TO 'EM,
CHASE!

DON'T
WORRY,
I'LL GET
'EM!



SUDDENLY, THREE BULLETS RIPPED
INTO NELSON'S BODY AND
SENT HIM REELING TO THE GROUND!

ARGHHH... DON'T
QUIT! KILL 'EM!
POUR IT ON!



SOON CHASE FELL TOO, MORTALLY WOUNDED!
STARK INSANITY GRIPPED NELSON! ALTHOUGH
DYING HIMSELF, HE LURCHED INTO THE OPEN
WITH A MACHINE GUN BLAZING IN HIS HANDS...

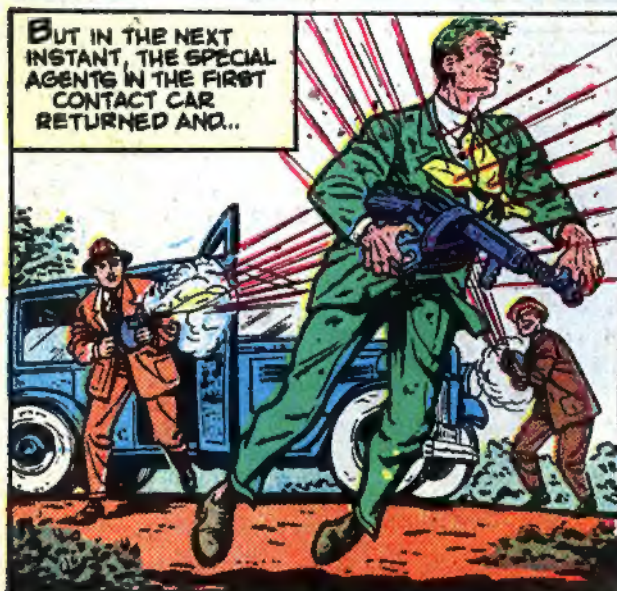
I'LL GET YOU MYSELF... I'LL
CUT YOU D-DOWN!



THE MACHINE GUN JERKED AND THUNDERED IN
HIS CRAZED HANDS AND AGENTS COWLY AND
HOLLIS TOPPLED DEAD TO THE GROUND...

GEE? SEE WHAT I'M DOIN'?... I KILLED
YOU MYSELF... HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

**RAT-TAT-
TAT.**



BUT IN THE NEXT
INSTANT, THE SPECIAL
AGENTS IN THE FIRST
CONTACT CAR
RETURNED AND...



IT ENDED THERE ON THE ROAD TO BARRINGTON!
IT ENDED WITH VIOLENCE AS IT BEGAN IN A
STORY OF GENSELESS, FUTILE BRUTALITY WHOSE
ONLY GOAL LED DOWN A PATH OF DOOM!

THE END

*They're a million miles
ahead of everything!*

THE NEW 1950

LIONEL TRAINS

with **MAGNE-TRACTION**



*ALL and ONLY
LIONEL TRAINS
HAVE MAGNE-TRACTION*

Only LIONEL TRAINS, with Magne-Traction can take terrific curves at top speed. Only LIONEL Locomotives, with Magne-Traction, can climb a 20% grade...pull twice as many cars twice as fast...stop on a dime...start instantly on command! Magical Magne-Traction is a LIONEL exclusive...like so many other features that make LIONEL TRAINS the finest in the world...for 50 years! Ask your dealer for the latest Lionel Catalog—or mail coupon for special offer.

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Operating Coal
Ramp and Operating
Hopper Car!



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Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

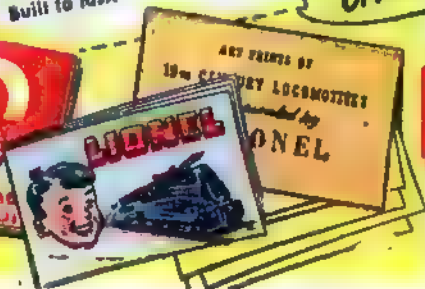
I enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train Catalog offer postage prepaid.

1. The Big New Lionel 44-page full-color catalog
2. The "Magic of Magne-Traction Book" with new track layouts, scenic effects, landscaping, etc.
3. The Lionel "Portfolio of 19th Century Locomotive Art Prints"—in color—suitable for framing.

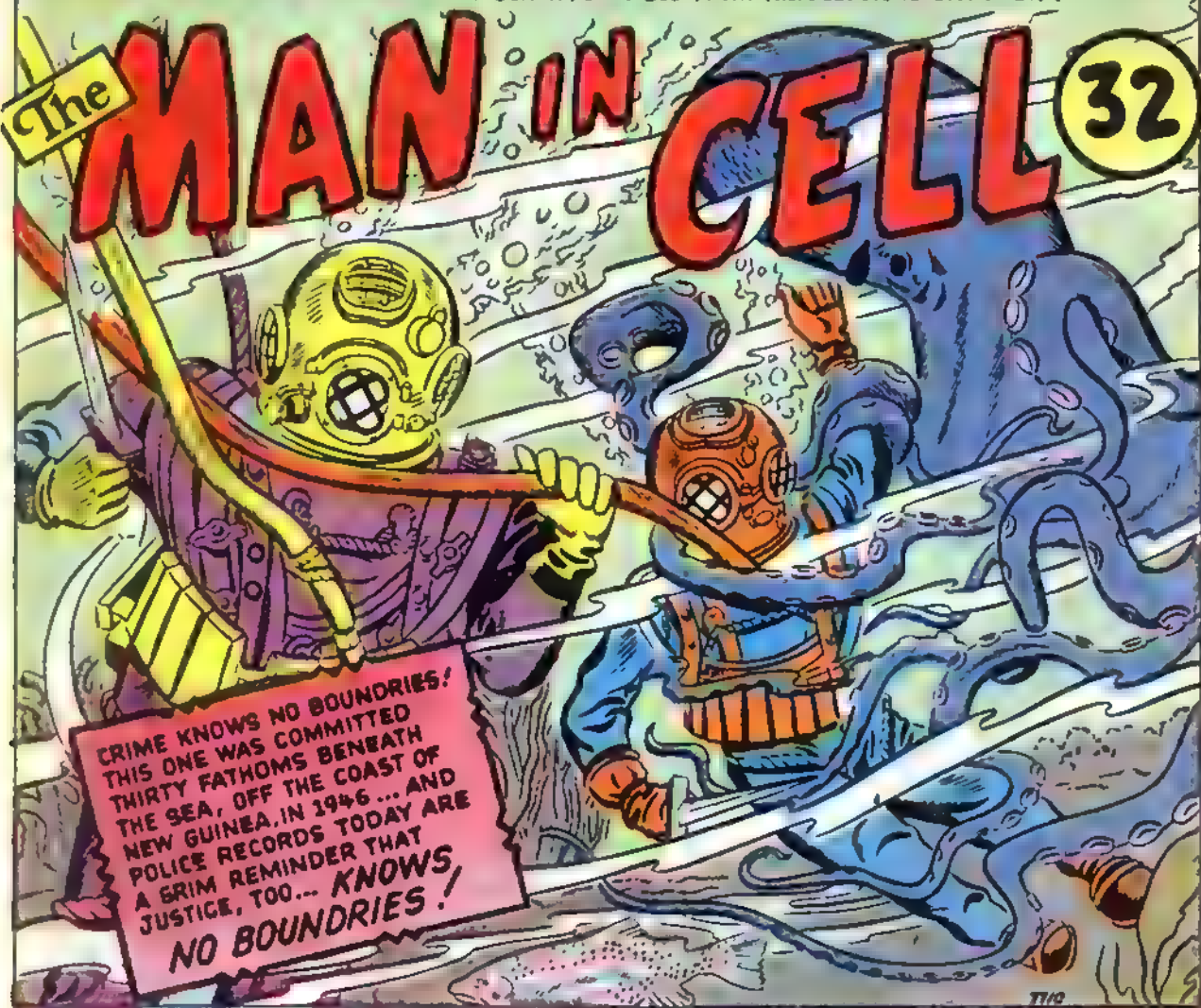
Name

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City Zone State



BEYOND NEW GUINEA LIE THE AIPU ISLANDS! FIVE MILES OFF THOSE UNINHABITED ISLANDS AND 160 FEET BELOW THE CLEAR GREEN WATERS IS THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS BLACK PEARL BED! ONLY A SLUGGISH OCTOPUS SCUTTLEING ACROSS THE DARK OCEAN FLOOR STANDS GUARD—BUT JEALOUSY, HATE AND GREED PROTECTED THE FANTASTIC WEALTH OF THE BLACK PEARL BED FROM THE DESPERATE GRASP OF...



THE GUARD AT THE EASTERN STATE PRISON SLAMS SHUT THE GATE OF CELL 32—ITS OCCUPANT HAS WALKED HIS LAST STEPS FROM THE DEATH BLOCK TO FINAL RETRIBUTION....

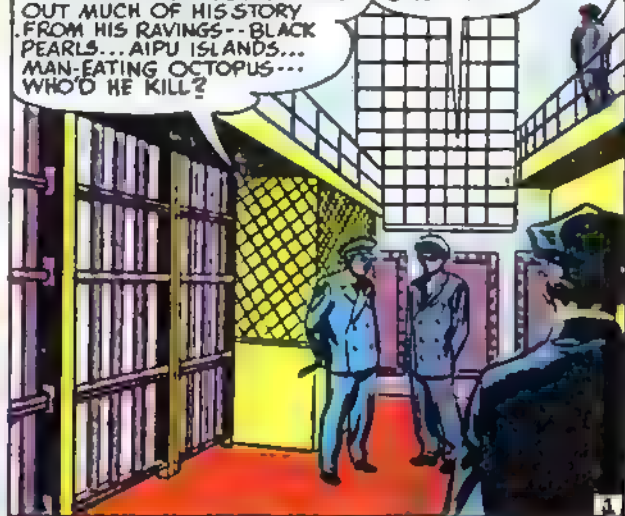
I SEE THEY FINALLY GOT RID OF THAT RAVING KILLER IN 32! THINGS'LL BE A LOT QUIETER AROUND HERE NOW!

YOU KNOW, TOM, OF ALL THE PRISONERS I'VE EVER SEEN IN THE DEATH BLOCK THE ONE WHO WAS IN CELL 32 WAS THE MOST PATHETIC CASE!



HE WAS A KILLER—THAT'S ALL I KNOW! NEVER COULD MAKE OUT MUCH OF HIS STORY FROM HIS RAVINGS—BLACK PEARLS... AIPU ISLANDS... MAN-EATING OCTOPUS... WHO'D HE KILL?

HIS OWN BROTHER...



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

IN NOVEMBER, 1943, TOM AND HANK CRAWFORD WERE DISCHARGED FROM THE AMERICAN ARMY IN SHANGHAI! THE WAR WAS JUST OVER IN THE PACIFIC, THE JAPS HAD PULLED OUT AND THE ORIENT'S WILDEST CITY TOOK ON ITS COSMOPOLITAN AIR ONCE AGAIN! IN A CHEAP DANCE HALL THEY APPROACHED A PRETTY POLYNESIAN HALF-CASTE...

TOM AND HANK ARE OUR NAMES. WHAT'S YOURS?

LYRIA. NOW WHO GETS THE FIRST DANCE - HANK OR TOM?

I GUESS I DO! HANK, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE I AM JUST LOOK FOR THE GIRL WITH THE NECKLACE FROM WHICH HANGS TWO LARGE BLACK PEARLS!

MUST BE A LOT OF GIRLS WITH "BLACK PEARLS" AROUND HERE! COSTUME JEWELRY IS CHEAP AND POPULAR!

AS THEY DATED LYRIA MORE OFTEN, THEY LEARNED THAT THE BLACK PEARLS WEREN'T COSTUME JEWELRY! BUT THE MORE SHE INSISTED ON THEIR VALUE, THE MORE THEY LAUGHED TILL FINALLY HANK TOOK THE PEARLS TO A JEWELER ON THE STREET OF THE SHINING STONES IN SHANGHAI TO HAVE THEM APPRAISED...

TOM! TOM! LYRIA WASN'T KIDDING! THE BLACK PEARLS ARE WORTH FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH!

SEE! NOW MAYBE YOU WILL BELIEVE WHAT I TELL YOU, THESE ARE BUT TWO PEARLS TAKEN FROM AN OYSTER BED TWO MILES LONG AND ALL BLACK PEARLS!

A BED OF PEARLS TWO MILES LONG! WHERE?

OFF THE NEW GUINEA ISLANDS OF AIPU! WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL WE LIVED AT NEW GUINEA! MY FATHER WAS A DIVER - HE GAVE ME THESE TWO PEARLS! BUT WHEN HE WENT BACK FOR A SECOND DIVE, A MAN EATING OCTOPUS KILLED HIM - BUT THE TREASURE STILL LIES THERE!

NOT FOR LONG, HONEY! WITH BACK PAY AND OUR DISCHARGE MONEY WE'VE GOT ABOUT TWO GRAND! I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER WAY TO SPEND IT THAN DEEP-SEA DIVING OFF AIPU!

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND TO OUTFIT A DIVING-BOAT! I WILL SELL ONE OF MY PEARLS SO WE CAN GET THEM ALL!

BUT BEFORE THEY STARTED TO MAKE PLANS, LYRIA INSISTED THEY TAKE AN OATH...

WE EACH SWEAR BY ALL THAT IS SACRED TO US, THAT WE SHALL SEARCH FOR THE PEARLS TOGETHER! NOTHING - NEITHER GREED NOR JEALOUSY SHALL EVER DIVIDE US! BY THIS BLACK PEARL OF AIPU, WE SWEAR TO WORK AS ONE!

I SWEAR!

I SWEAR!

WEEKS PASSED IN PREPARATION! THEY BOUGHT AN OLD PEARL LUGGER! EQUIPPED AND READY, THE BOAT THREADED ITS WAY FROM SHANGHAI, PAST SINGAPORE, MALAY AND ON TO NEW GUINEA! FROM PORT MORESBY THEY SET SAIL FOR THE AIPU ISLANDS! BUT BEFORE EMBARKING, TOM AND LYRIA HAD MARRIED!

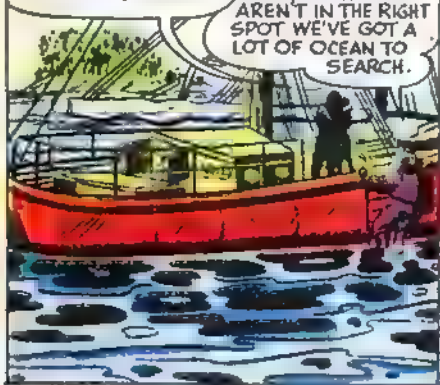
A FABULOUS HONEYMOON, DARLING! THE SOUTH SEAS AND BLACK PEARLS!

CUT IT! WE NEED ALL HANDS AT THEIR STATIONS TO SAIL THIS LUGGER!

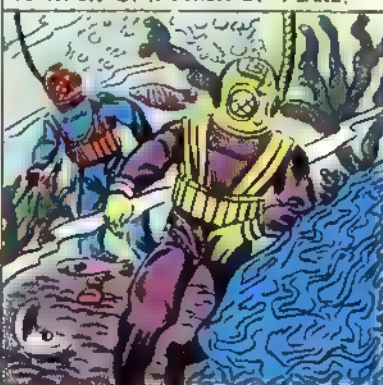
ON JULY 15TH, 1946, THEY LAY OFF AIPU AT THE SPOT LYRIA THOUGHT HER FATHER HAD FOUND THE PEARL BED! THE HEAVY DIVING SUITS ON, THE TWO BROTHERS PREPARED TO DESCEND INTO THE CLEAR, UNKNOWN WATERS...

REMEMBER—THREE PULLS MEANS HELP! GOOD LUCK, DARLING.

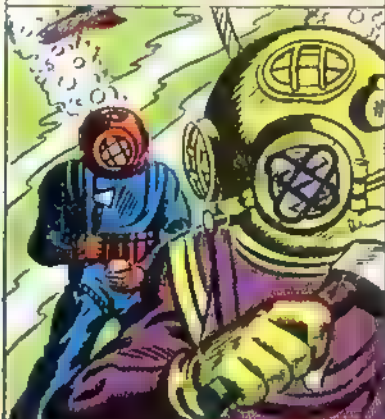
STOP THE KISSING AND CLOSE YOUR HELMET. IF WE AREN'T IN THE RIGHT SPOT WE'VE GOT A LOT OF OCEAN TO SEARCH.



TWO THIN STREAMS OF AIR BUBBLES SLIPPED UPWARDS AS THE TWO GROTESQUE FIGURES GROPEL ACROSS THE OCEAN FLOOR! SLOWLY, THEY INCHED THEIR WAY TILL THEY HAD ALMOST COME TO THE END OF THEIR LINES—STILL NO SIGHT OF AN OYSTER! SUDDENLY SOMETHING CAUGHT HANKS' EYE—A SILVER GLIMMER OF MOTHER-OF-PEARL!



FOR A SECOND THE OYSTER HAD OPENED AND REVEALED ITS SILVER LINING! THEN THEY REALIZED THAT ALL ALONG THEY HAD BEEN WALKING ON A SOLID BED OF OYSTERS! FIRED BY THEIR FIND, THE TWO DIVERS HACKED AWAY AT THE OYSTER BED...



THE OYSTER BASKETS WERE FILLED AND HOISTED UP! THE TWO DIVERS MADE THEIR EAGER ASCENT AND CLIMBED ON TO THE DECK...

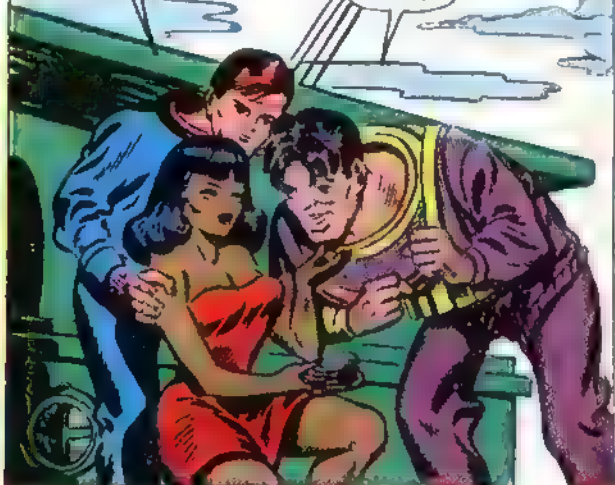
DID WE FIND THE RIGHT OYSTER BED? ARE THE BLACK PEARLS OF AIPU OURS?

WE'LL KNOW AS SOON AS I CUT OPEN THIS OYSTER!



A PEARL!

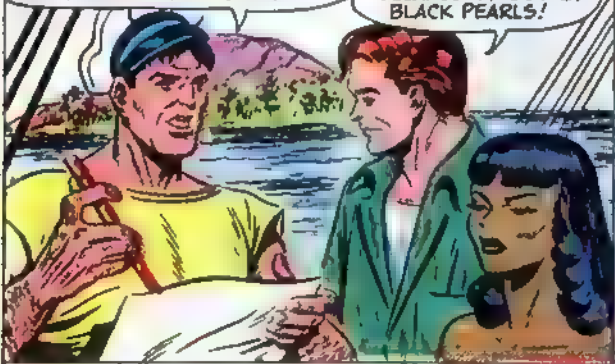
A BLACK PEARL! WE'VE FOUND THE TREASURE BED!



QUICKLY THEY SLASHED OPEN THE OTHER OYSTERS—14 BLACK PEARLS LAY GLEAMING IN THEIR HANDS! LATER THAT DAY WITH PAINSTAKING PRECISION THEY MAPPED THEIR LOCATION SO THEY WOULD NEVER LOSE THE SITE OF THE FABULOUS PEARL TREASURE...

23 DEGREES OFF MORESBY, 10 DEGREES SOUTH FROM THE TIP OF THE SECOND ISLAND OF AIPU... AND THEN 160 FEET DOWN!

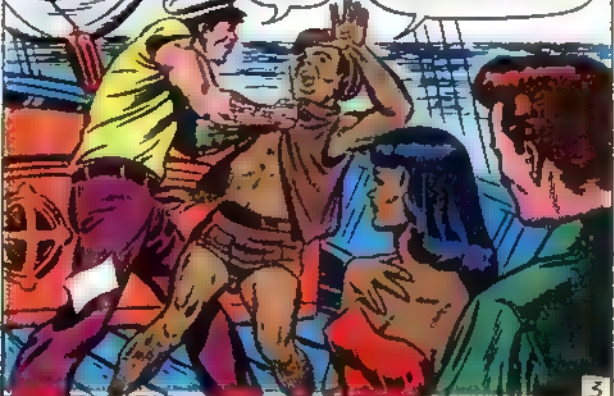
THREE MORE BEARINGS ON AIPU AND WE'LL NEVER MISS THIS SPOT TILL WE'VE CLEANED IT OUT OF BLACK PEARLS!



BUT THE EXHILARATION OF DISCOVERY SOON PASSED AND ONCE AGAIN JEALOUSY CREEPT BACK INTO HANKS' HEART AS HE WATCHED THE TWO NEWLYWEDS SNUGGLE CLOSE ON THE DECK! HIS BLIND JEALOUSY FOUND VENT ON THE NATIVE BOY...

TRYING TO MAKE YOUR OWN MAP, EH?

NO! NO! ME NO MAKE MAP!... MAKE PICTURE! NO HIT!





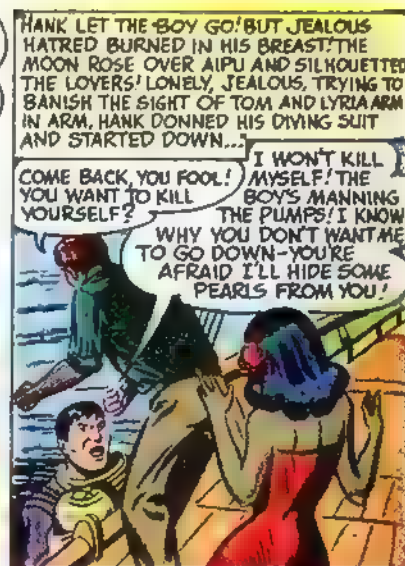
STOP HITTING HIM, HANK! YOU'RE OVER-SUSPICIOUS! HE DIDN'T MEAN A THING!

DON'T TELL ME! MAY BE FOURTEEN PEARLS ARE ENOUGH FOR YOU, BUT I WANT EVERYONE THAT'S DOWN THERE IN THAT BED BELOW! NO ONE'S MAKING A MAP TO JUMP OUR CLAIM! LET GO OF ME!



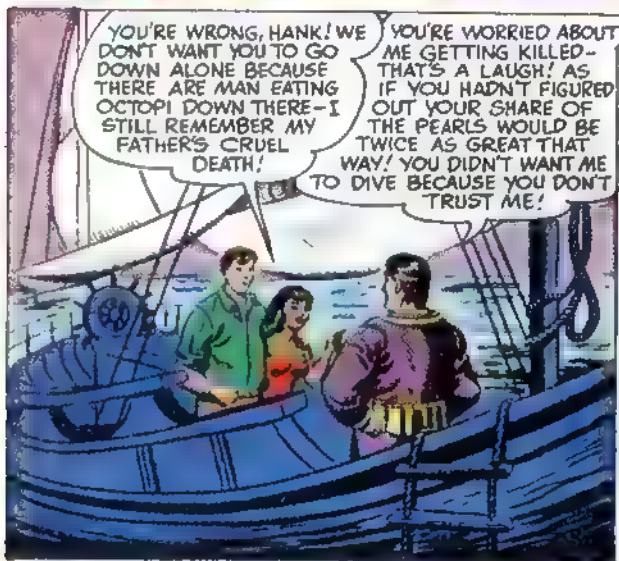
I'M NOT LETTING YOU HIT THAT BOY AGAIN!

STOP! YOU MUSTN'T FIGHT AMONG YOURSELVES! REMEMBER, BEFORE WE LEFT SHANGHAI WE TOOK AN OATH - ALWAYS TOGETHER, NOTHING DIVIDES US - NOTHING!



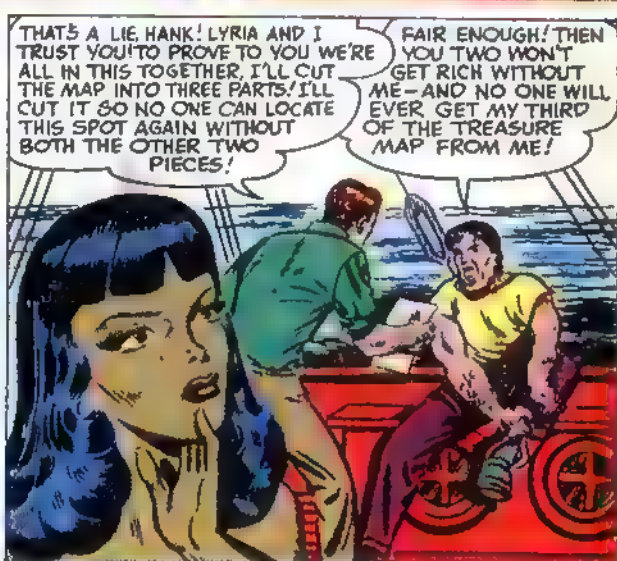
COME BACK, YOU FOOL! YOU WANT TO KILL YOURSELF?

I WON'T KILL MYSELF! THE BOYS MANNING THE PUMPS! I KNOW WHY YOU DON'T WANT ME TO GO DOWN - YOU'RE AFRAID I'LL HIDE SOME PEARLS FROM YOU!



YOU'RE WRONG, HANK! WE DON'T WANT YOU TO GO DOWN ALONE BECAUSE THERE ARE MAN EATING OCTOPI DOWN THERE - I STILL REMEMBER MY FATHER'S CRUEL DEATH!

YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT ME GETTING KILLED - THAT'S A LAUGH! AS IF YOU HADN'T FIGURED OUT YOUR SHARE OF THE PEARLS WOULD BE TWICE AS GREAT THAT WAY! YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO DIVE BECAUSE YOU DON'T TRUST ME!



THAT'S A LIE, HANK! LYRIA AND I TRUST YOU! TO PROVE TO YOU WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER, I'LL CUT THE MAP INTO THREE PARTS! I'LL CUT IT SO NO ONE CAN LOCATE THIS SPOT AGAIN WITHOUT BOTH THE OTHER TWO PIECES!

FAIR ENOUGH! THEN YOU TWO WON'T GET RICH WITHOUT ME - AND NO ONE WILL EVER GET MY THIRD OF THE TREASURE MAP FROM ME!



YOU KISSED TOM FOR GOOD LUCK - HOW ABOUT KISSING ME FOR LUCK?

NO! TOM IS MY HUSBAND! LET GO OF... HANK! TOM'S JUST PULLED ON HIS LINE THREE TIMES!



THREE PULLS MEANT HELP! LETTING GO OF LYRIA, HANK PUT ON HIS HELMET AND DESCENDED QUICKLY! THERE ON THE OCEAN FLOOR ABOVE THE PEARL BED A TERRIFYING SIGHT CAME INTO VIEW!

A MAN KILLING OCTOPUS! AND TOM CAN'T TURN AROUND TO STRIKE AT HIM! I'LL HAVE TO CUT HIM FREE!

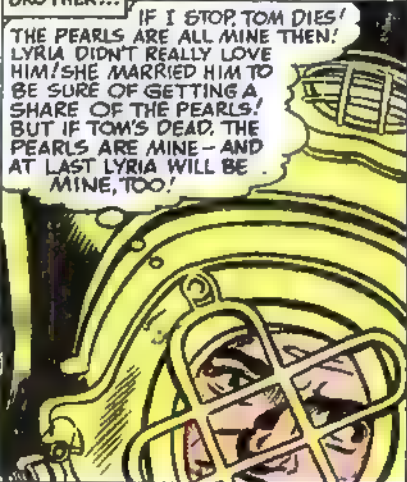
THE RAZOR-SHARP BLADE CUT AND SLASHED INTO THE VICE-LIKE TENTACLES OF THE MONSTER/BLACK BLOOD CLOUDED THE WATER BUT STILL THE OCTOPUS KEPT HIS DEATH-HOLD...

I CAN'T HACK HIS ARMS FROM TOM...MAYBE HE'LL LET GO IF I PUT OUT THOSE GLARING EYES!

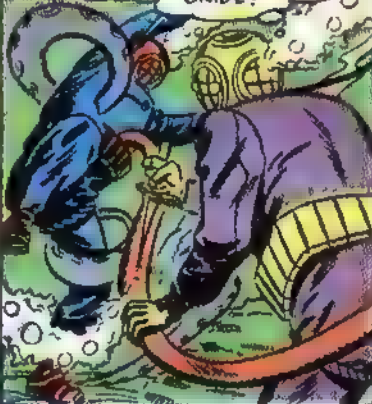


BUT SUDDENLY AS VICTORY WAS ALMOST HIS, HANK HELD BACK THE LAST KNIFE BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE CERTAINLY FREED HIS BROTHER...

IF I STOP, TOM DIES! THE PEARLS ARE ALL MINE THEN! LYRIA DIDN'T REALLY LOVE HIM! SHE MARRIED HIM TO BE SURE OF GETTING A SHARE OF THE PEARLS! BUT IF TOM'S DEAD, THE PEARLS ARE MINE - AND AT LAST LYRIA WILL BE MINE, TOO!

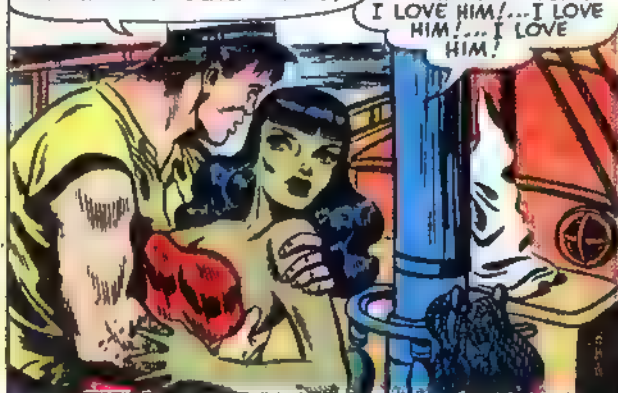


MAYBE SUFFOCATING WILL BE A PLEAS- ANTER DEATH THAN CRUSHING! ITS THE LEAST I CAN DO! WHAT'S THE FOOL WAVING AT ME FOR? HE'S BECKONING AS IF HE WANTED TO GIVE ME SOMETHING- BUT WHAT-- A FAREWELL MESSAGE FOR HIS BRIDE?



LYRIA PULLED HANK TO THE SURFACE! HE TOLD HER TOM WAS DEAD! HYSTERICAL WITH GRIEF SHE TURNED A DEAF EAR ON HANK'S PROMISES AND ENTREATIES...

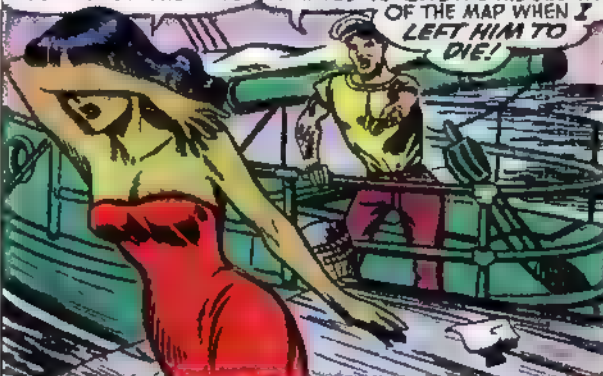
HE'S GONE, LYRIA, BUT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING FOR US, YOU AND ME, LYRIA. AND TOGETHER, WE HAVE ALL THE WEALTH OF THE BLACK PEARLS!



I DON'T WANT PEARLS! I DON'T WANT YOU... ONLY TOM! TOM! I LOVE HIM!... I LOVE HIM!... I LOVE HIM!

THE BOAT SWUNG AROUND FROM AIPU AND DOCKED AT PORT MORESBY! THAT NIGHT THE GRIEF STRICKEN GIRL RAN FROM HANK THE MOMENT THE BOAT WAS TIED UP...

HERE! TAKE MY THIRD OF THE TREASURE MAP! NEVER SEE ME AGAIN! THE PEARLS ARE ALL YOURS! YOU HAVE MY SECTION OF THE MAP!



BUT TOM'S! I DON'T HAVE TOM'S SECTION! THAT WHAT HE WAS BECKONING TO ME FOR WHEN I CUT HIS AIR LINE- HE WANTED TO GIVE ME HIS SECTION OF THE MAP WHEN I LEFT HIM TO DIE!

WITH THE TWO SECTIONS OF THE MAP THE PEARL FEVERED MURDERER SAILED BACK! BUT THE HOT SOUTH BEAS SUN BEAT DOWN ON HIM AS HE MADE VAIN TRY AFTER TRY TO RELOCATE THE TREASURE SPOT! TIME AND AGAIN HE DOVE OFF AIPU- NOTHING!

TOM MURDERED LYRIA GONE...TWO PIECES OF THE MAP...WHERE'S THE PEARL BED OF AIPU? WHERE...WHERE...WHERE?



THE GIRL HE THOUGHT WOULD BE HIS REPORTED HIS DESPERATE FAREWELL WORDS TO THE POLICE! THEY FOUND THE SUN-MADDENED MURDERER OFF AIPU! CONFRONTED WITH THE SLASHED AIR LINE, HE CONFESSED, ASKING ONLY FOR ONE LAST TRY TO FIND THE BLACK PEARLS OF AIPU!

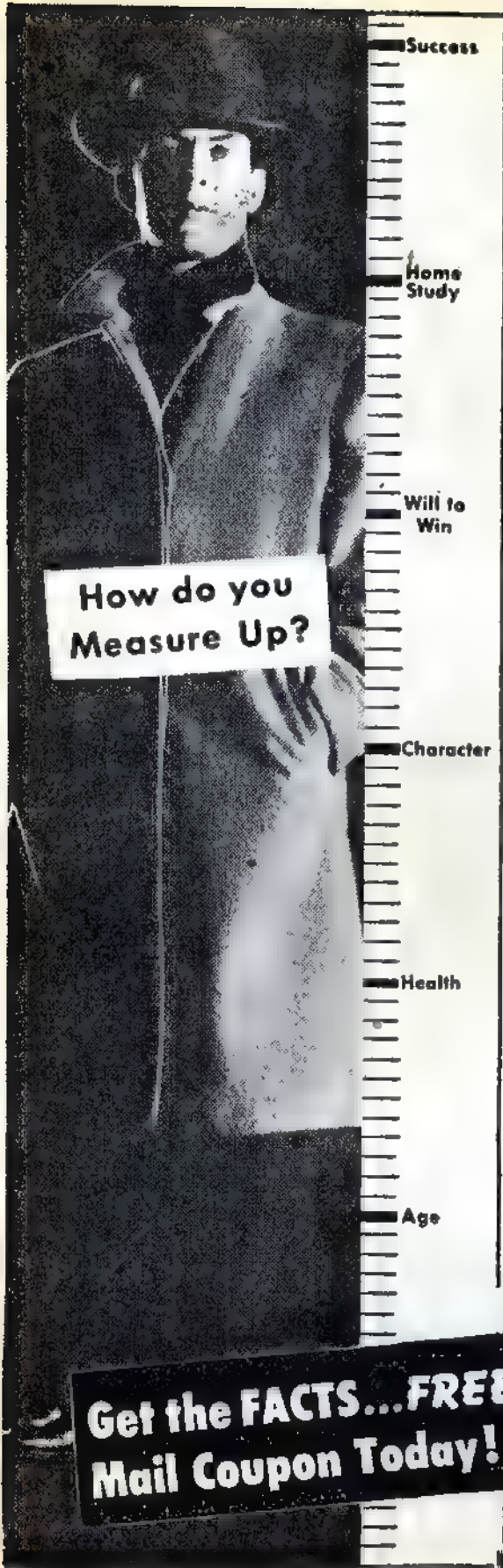


CHIEF, I JUST DISCOVERED SOMETHING UNUSUAL!

THOSE KILLERS SURE COOK UP FANCY TALES TO DIGNIFY THEIR MURDERS! DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE THAT HOKUM ABOUT BLACK PEARLS?

WHAT IS IT, O'BRIAN? I WAS JUST TAKING HIS PERSONAL EFFECTS TO THE WARDEN! LOOK WHAT'S AMONG THEM...A BLACK PEARL!





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Name _____
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City _____ State _____ Age _____

YOU SAY YOU NEVER HEARD OF HIM? YOU SAY YOU'RE NOT GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH? OKAY, STEP CLOSER, FOLKS! TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO! IF, AT THE END OF THIS STORY, YOU DON'T GET ONE OF THE SURPRISES OF YOUR READING EXPERIENCE, WELL, THEN WE'RE ALL WRONG! 'CAUSE, YOU SEE, THIS IS THE LUSTY TALE OF...

The KID from BROOKLYN

HERE, STRAIGHT FROM THE LIPS OF AN OLD-TIMER, IS THE LITTLE-KNOWN STORY OF THE BEGINNING OF AN AMERICAN LEGEND! SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS ITS OUTSTANDING ENDING! PERSONALLY, WE DOUBT IT! BUT WE DON'T DOUBT THE THRILL YOU'LL GET WHEN YOU DISCOVER THE END IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! DOES THAT CONFUSE YOU? THEN READ ON...

HERE! THIS'LL FIX THAT PRETTY FACE UP GOOD! HAW! HAW! HAW!

WILLIE! HAVE THOSE ROUGHNECKS BEEN PICKING ON YOU AGAIN?

...THEY WOULDN'T.. IF I HAD A GUN!

DON'T EVER LET ME HEAR YOU SAY THAT, SON! WHERE'D A KID LIKE YOU GET SUCH CRAZY IDEAS?

BLUB! BLUB!

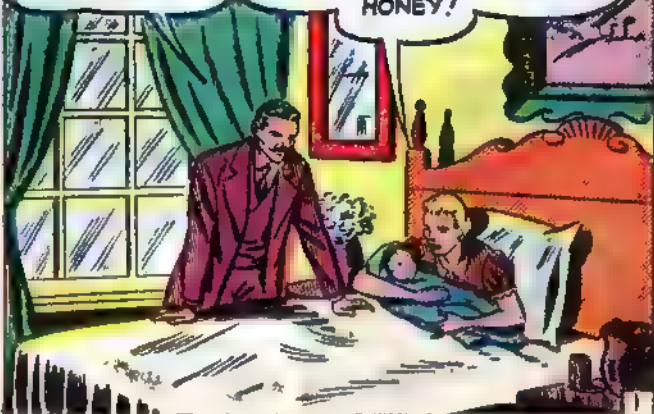
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I DON'T LIKE TO TELL THIS STORY! AFTER ALL, I'M AN OLD-TIMER, AND LOTS OF FOLKS THINK I'M TETCHED IN THE HEAD! THEY THINK I'M MAKIN' ALL THIS UP-- BUT I'M NOT! IT'S TRUE... AND IT'S IN THE BOOKS, IF YOU KNOW HOW TO LOOK FOR IT! ANYHOW, IT ALL STARTED IN GOOD OL' BROOKLYN, U.S.A., DURING THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY! IT WAS A QUIET SUBURBAN VILLAGE AT THE TIME, MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE BIG, SPRAWLING, LUSTY BOROUGH IT IS NOW!

THERE, TO YOUNG MR. AND MRS. BONNEY, WAS BORN A MALE CHILD, A HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL BABY!

I'M MIGHTY PROUD OF OUR BOY, MA! SOMEDAY HE'LL BE FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER! YOU'LL SEE!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT FAME FOR HIM, WILLIE! ALL I WANT IS FOR HIM TO BE HAPPY! THAT'S ALL! MY! ISN'T HE PRETTY, THOUGH? LET'S NAME HIM AFTER YOU, HONEY!



WHEN YOUNG WILLIE GREW OLDER, HE LOST NONE OF HIS GOOD LOOKS! IN FACT HIS BOYISH APPEARANCE WAS VERY MUCH AGAINST HIM!

AHH! GO 'WAY, PRETTY WILLIE! WHO WANTS TO PLAY WITH GIRLS! I'M NOT A GIRL! I'M NOT! I'M NOT!



OH, NO! THEN WHATCHA DOIN' WITH A GIRL'S FACE!

LAY OFF, TIM! DON'T YOU PICK ON ME!



HERE! THIS'LL FIX YOUR FACE UP GOOD! HAW! HAW!



WILLIE! OH, MY BABY! HAVE THOSE ROUGH-NECKS BEEN PICKING ON YOU AGAIN?

DON'T CALL ME "BABY" MA! GOSH! WHY'D I HAVE TO BE BORN LOOKING LIKE I DO?



LISTEN, SON, YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF WITH YOUR FISTS! THEN YOU'LL SHOW THESE HOODLUMS YOU'RE AS GOOD AS ANY OF THEM!

HOW CAN I, PAW? THEY ARE ALL BIGGER'N I AM! I COULD NEVER BEAT THEM WITH FISTS!



... BUT WITH A GUN I COULD!

DON'T EVER LET ME HEAR YOU SAY THAT, SON! WHERE'D YOU GET SUCH A CRAZY IDEA?



THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE BOY HAD GONE TO BED...

WILL, I'M WORRIED! I DIDN'T LIKE THAT LOOK ON WILLIE'S FACE! IT SCARED ME!

YES, MA! I KNOW! OH, BUT HE'LL GET OVER IT! IT'S JUST A CHILDISH FANCY HE'S GOT! IT'LL BE FORGOTTEN IN THE MORNING!



BUT THE BOY DIDN'T FORGET!

PICK ON ME, HUH? LEMME SEE YOU START SOMETHING NOW!

PLEASE! NO! DON'T DO IT! I'M SORRY! I'LL NEVER PICK ON YOU AGAIN!



WELL, SON! WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR YOUR 16 TH BIRTHDAY?

A GUN!

OH, WILLIE, HAVEN'T YOU GOT OVER THAT CRAZY IDEA THAT YOU CAN LICK THE WORLD WITH A GUN?





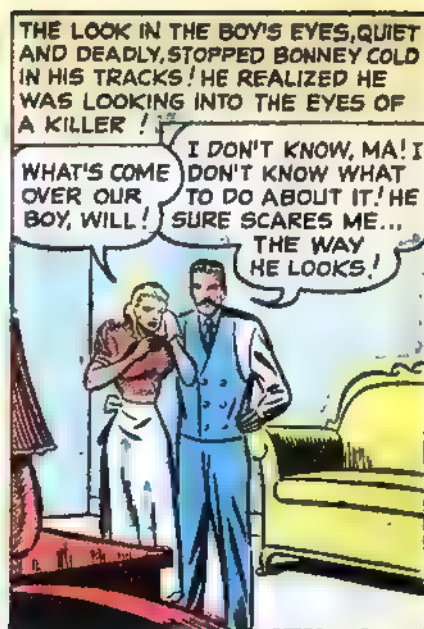
AND STOP CALLING ME "WILLIE"! THAT'S A SISSY NAME! CALL ME "BILLY" FROM NOW ON!

SON! HOW DARE YOU TALK TO YOUR MOTHER THAT WAY! WHY... I'LL...



YOU'LL WHAT, PA?

NOTHING, SON! NOTHING AT ALL!



THE LOOK IN THE BOY'S EYES, QUIET AND DEADLY, STOPPED BONNEY COLD IN HIS TRACKS! HE REALIZED HE WAS LOOKING INTO THE EYES OF A KILLER!

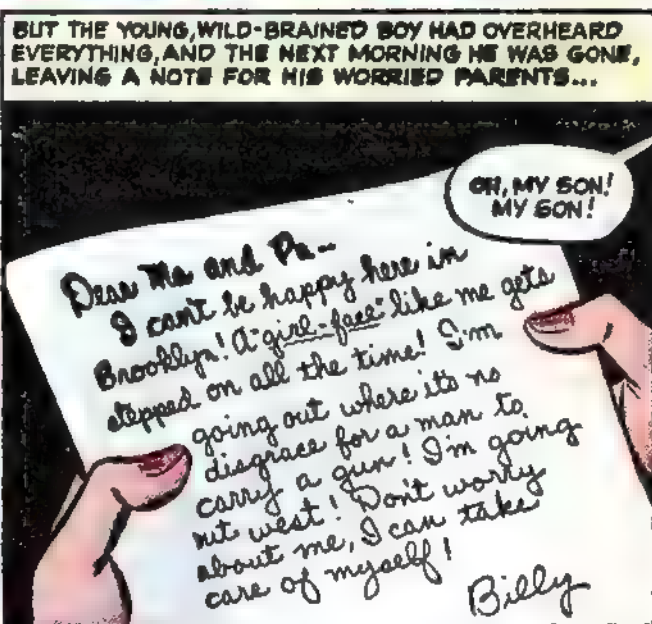
WHAT'S COME OVER OUR BOY, WILL!

I DON'T KNOW, MA! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT! HE SURE SCARES ME... THE WAY HE LOOKS!



I NEED HELP! I DON'T WANT HIM TO GROW UP WITH THIS CRAZY LOVE FOR GUNS! WHY... HIS WHOLE CHARACTER'S CHANGED! HE LOOKS LIKE AN ANGEL, BUT HE THINKS AND TALKS LIKE A DEVIL! MAYBE I OUGHT TO ASK FATHER MECABE TO TALK TO HIM!

TRY ANYTHING! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! OH, WILL, WHAT'S OUR BOY GOING TO GROW UP INTO?

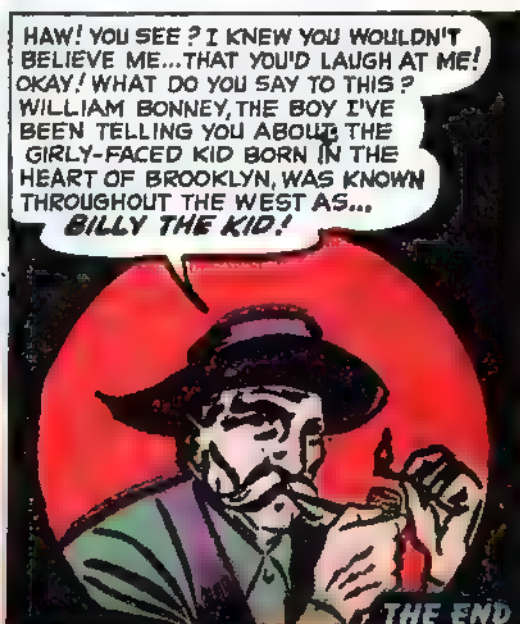


BUT THE YOUNG, WILD-BRAINED BOY HAD OVERHEARD EVERYTHING, AND THE NEXT MORNING HE WAS GONE, LEAVING A NOTE FOR HIS WORRIED PARENTS...

OH, MY SON! MY SON!

Dear Ma and Pa...
I can't be happy here in Brooklyn! A girl-face like me gets stepped on all the time! I'm going out where it's no disgrace for a man to carry a gun! I'm going out west! Don't worry about me, I can take care of myself!
Billy

YES, YOUNG WILLIE BONNEY LEFT BROOKLYN TO MAKE HIS WAY IN THE LUSTY, UNTAMED WEST! THIS BABY-FACED YOUTH, WHOSE INNOCENT FEATURES HID A SOUL AND HEART OF STONE, BECAME THE GUN-TOTING TERROR OF THE BAD-LANDS... UNTIL THE LAW PROVED ONCE AGAIN THAT CRIME CANNOT WIN!



HAW! YOU SEE? I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME... THAT YOU'D LAUGH AT ME! OKAY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THIS? WILLIAM BONNEY, THE BOY I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ABOUT THE GIRLY-FACED KID BORN IN THE HEART OF BROOKLYN, WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WEST AS...
BILLY THE KID!

THE END

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT

HAIR LOSS

**ITCHY SCALP, DANDRUFF, HEAD SCALES,
SEBORRHEA, EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR**



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or alopecia, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. **DRY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itching. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.
2. **OILY SEBORRHEA:** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to **NEGLECT** these symptoms of **DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA** is to **INVITE BALDNESS**.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — *staphylococcus albus*, *pitryosporum ovale*, and *acnes bacillus*.

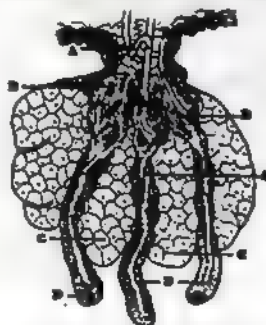
These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps **STOP HAIR LOSS** due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.



**DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused by Seborrhea**

A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better."
—Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."
—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea."
—J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."
—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."
—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."
—R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."
—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair."
—T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itching."
—R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much."
—Mrs. J.B., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our **GUARANTY POLICY** assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

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MIDNIGHT BLASTERS

A DISGRUNTLED voice called from the back room: "Quiet out there! How do you expect anyone to hear this ball game?"

Silence settled on the crowd at the bar. The three men at the table near the juke box also lowered their voices. Earnestly concentrating, deep in thought, they put their heads closer together and continued their private talk.

"So look, Lou, look at it this way. After the night watchman goes for coffee, we drive up to the front and . . ."

The man who was talking stopped in the middle of a sentence and stared angrily at the third man. Long, lean Spike Jensen was tapping his foot on the floor, a habit that exasperated the boss.

"Spike, stop that tapping . . ."

Spike stopped momentarily. Then, unconsciously, he started again. By this time, the boss was speaking to Lou again and making clear the plans for that night's holdup at the Acme Steel Products Company main office.

" . . . and before he gets back from his coffee, we can crack the safe. Meantime, if we should take too long, Spike is waiting outside for the old guy, and he can . . . Spike, stop that

tapping," the boss said in a still louder voice.

"Take it easy, Boss," said Lou, "let him tap. You're getting edgy, Boss. Take it easy."

"Guess you're right, Lou."

The three men went back to the plotting. Not one word could be heard from their table, except for the boss's periodic outbursts at Spike's foot tapping. These became more frequent as the boss's nerves came closer and closer to the breaking point.

Standing at the end of the bar, quietly sipping one soft drink after another, stood Police Investigator Bill Harper, his eyes quickly darting back and forth between the ball game on the television screen and the three men in the corner. No one in the bar knew Bill Harper as a policeman, and fortunate for him this was the case. He was there to watch the goings on of the Midnight Blasters, as the three men at the corner table were known in the press. The police force knew who these men were. Sometimes they had put a large crew on their tails, and then the gang became suddenly inactive, and the police could get nothing on them. Other times, there was just one or two shadows, and then the gang would outnumber them at

arrest time, and again there would be no capture.

Bill Harper had a different idea. He told the chief that since neither a hard crackdown nor a light shadow seemed to bring any results, he would try his risky idea. Now he was concentrating on making his first attempt a successful one.

Back at the table, the boss was giving his men their final instructions:

"Okay, it is set then. At exactly 12:05, we drive up to Acme. Lou, you and I go in and rob the safe. Spike stays. Stop tapping, Spike, before I wrap this chair around . . ."

The boss rose out of his seat, chair clenched in both hands. Lou jumped up, and eased the boss back into his seat.

"C'mon, Boss. Relax. Spike's nervous ever since the war, you know that. He can't stop tapping. Maybe we all need a vacation. Spike ain't the only nervous one here now, Boss. You're worse!"

"Guess you are right, Lou. I'm sorry Spike."

That was the boss's only apology. Again they went into a long, serious discussion about the night's work.

At the bar, Bill Harper's well-trained senses suddenly made him shift his eyes and his

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

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Order several right now—for yourself, for friends, for gifts. Quantities are strictly limited, so you must act now. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail name and address. Pay postman low price of only \$2.98 plus 41¢ postage on delivery. Or send

\$2.98 with order and **PISTOL LIGHTER** is shipped postpaid (you save 41¢ postage). Use and enjoy this great lighter for 10 days. If you don't agree that it's the finest you've ever owned, return for immediate refund.

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... CONTINUED

hearing from the ball game to the three conspirators at their table. For a few minutes his eyes did not waver. He saw only the three men, their heads lowered, their eyes steely, and Spike's foot tapping out that incessant, senseless rhythmic click-click-click.

Bill Harper's head went up straight again. He popped the last peanut into his mouth, paid for his drinks, checked the television screen one last time, and sauntered out into the street. He stood on the corner a moment, then walked a block toward the waterfront, turned another corner, looked back to see no one was following him, and then raised his hand as if in a signal. Almost immediately, a black sedan swooped down from the far corner, stopped where Bill was standing, and opened its door to allow him entrance. Off went the big, black automobile to police headquarters.

Bill had a fast talk with the chief. They made their plans and then ordered the moves which seemed necessary. After all precautions had been taken, the chief admitted that he had little faith in catching the Midnight Blasters tonight on this fantastic tale that Bill Harper told him.

"Don't worry, Chief. I tell you that at 12:05 they will break into the Acme plant. They'll crack the safe, with one man watching on the outside, and then they'll take off with their loot."

"Hope you are right, Har-

per . . ."

Time moved so slowly at headquarters, as slowly as it moved for Spike, Lou and the boss. But at 11:30 that night, several unmarked cars, full of dark-uniformed men, roared out of the underground driveway at headquarters. Finally, the time had come for action. The end of the chase seemed near at hand.

In the lead car sat Bill Harper, deputy chief for the night's party. The cars drove in the direction of the Acme plant.



Once in that neighborhood, they simply cruised around the nearby streets, until one should pass the Acme entrance and see the Blasters' car waiting for the job to be completed. At 12:07, Bill Harper picked up the small microphone and called to the other cars:

"Harper calling. Rendezvous at Acme entrance. Car is unguarded. Watch out for tall, lean man outside plant entrance . . ."

Quickly the police cars met

at the plant entrance. As if by

plan, the tall man, Spike, was standing prominently in the doorway, a quick and easy arrest. With him out of the way and no warning given, Lou and the boss were at the mercy of the police. When they broke into the room where they were preparing to blast the safe, they could do nothing but throw up their hands. Once outside and seeing that Spike was arrested, the gang started venting their tempers on him.

Bill Harper ordered them to remain quiet and started the cavalcade back to headquarters. Witnesses were plenty. The Blasters had been caught in the act. Long jail sentences awaited them. On the day that Lou and the boss were sentenced, Harper was having a long talk with the chief and the detective known as Spike.

"And, Chief, if my old friend, Spike, hadn't tipped it, we would never have caught the Blasters . . ."

"But how did you tip it, Spike? I know how careful those boys were never to separate after a job was set up . . .?"

"Simple, Chief," interrupted Harper, "Spike never forgot the codes he learned during the war. Morse code combined with a nervous habit of foot tapping spelled out for me, while I was standing at the bar, 'ACME STEEL 12:05,' and all I had to do was let you think I had doped out the case all alone."

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The HIGHWAYMAN

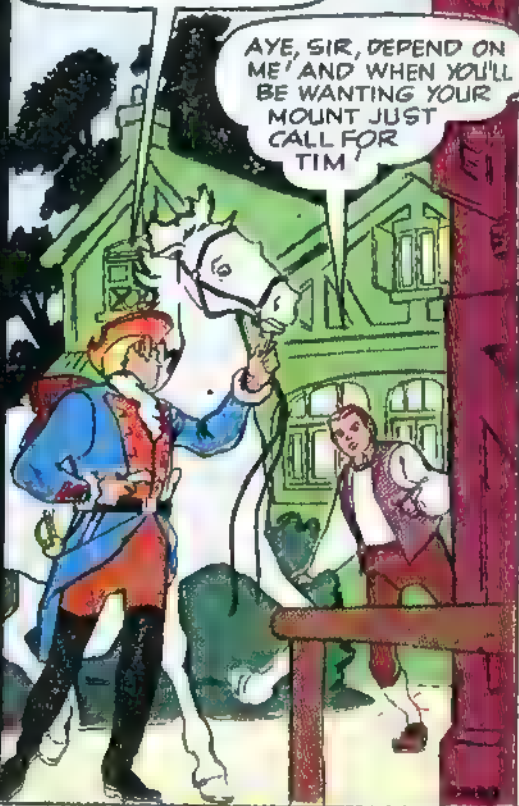


THE TRUE STORY BEHIND THE WORLD FAMOUS POEM!

THE YEAR IS 1780 AND THE PLACE ENGLAND! A HANDSOME RIDER REINS HIS DUSTY STEED AT THE SIGN OF THE "COACH AND FOUR" INN AND SHOUTS ORDERS...

HERE! OSTLER, TAKE MY HORSE AND FEED HIM WELL WHILE HIS MASTER WASHES DOWN THE DUST FROM THE LONDON ROAD WITH A GOBLET OF CLARET!

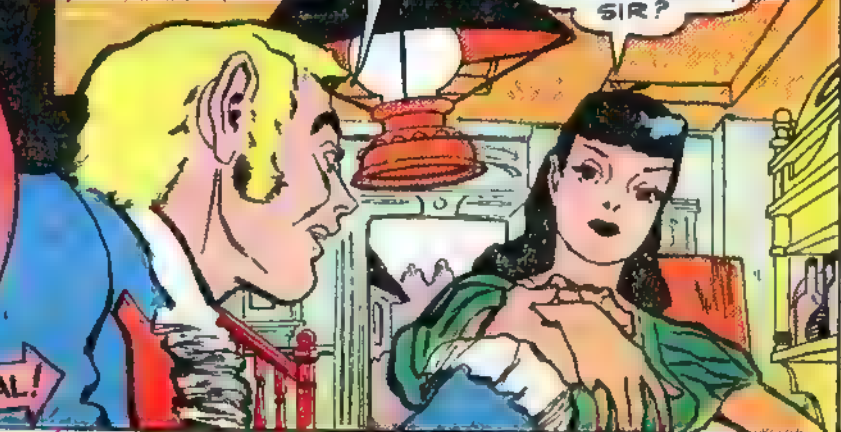
AYE, SIR, DEPEND ON ME! AND WHEN YOU'LL BE WANTING YOUR MOUNT JUST CALL FOR TIM!



"THE WIND WAS A TORRENT OF DARKNESS AMONG THE GUSTY TREES
THE MOON WAS A GHOSTLY GALLEON TOSSED UPON CLOUDY SEAS.
THE ROAD WAS A RIBBON OF MOONLIGHT OVER THE PURPLE MOOR
AND THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING - RIDING - RIDING.
THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING UP TO THE OLD INN DOOR."

BARMAID! BARMAID! A GLASS OF CLARET!...HELLO! HERE'S A PRETTY WENCH!

THE NAME ISN'T "WENCH" BUT BESS! NOW, DO YOU WANT CLARET OR MY WRIST, SIR?



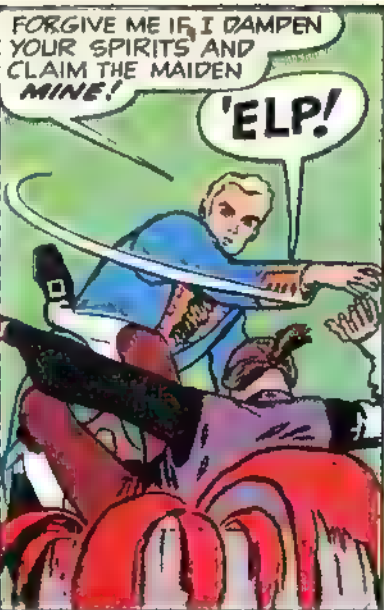
EVERY SCHOOL CHILD KNOWS THE THRILLING POEM OF THE HIGHWAYMAN'S FEARFUL RIDE BUT NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME IN COMIC BOOK FORM HERE IS THE TRUE STORY BEHIND "THE HIGHWAYMAN"! FOR THE HIGHWAYMAN WASN'T THE IMAGINED FIGURE OF AN INSPIRED POET'S DREAM...HE WAS REAL!

THE PRETTY DARK HAIR'D DAUGHTER OF THE LANDLORD RETURNS WITH THE DRINK...



TO YOU, MY BONNY LASS, A SIGHT WELL WORTH RIDING THE LONG HIGH-WAY FOR!

WATCH HOW YOU TALK TO HER, SIR! SHE'S, BESS, THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER, MY GIRL!



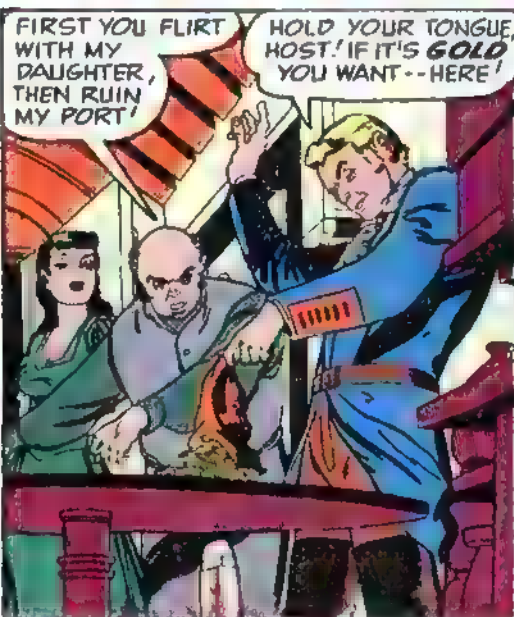
FORGIVE ME IF I DAMPEN YOUR SPIRITS AND CLAIM THE MAIDEN MINE!

'ELP!'



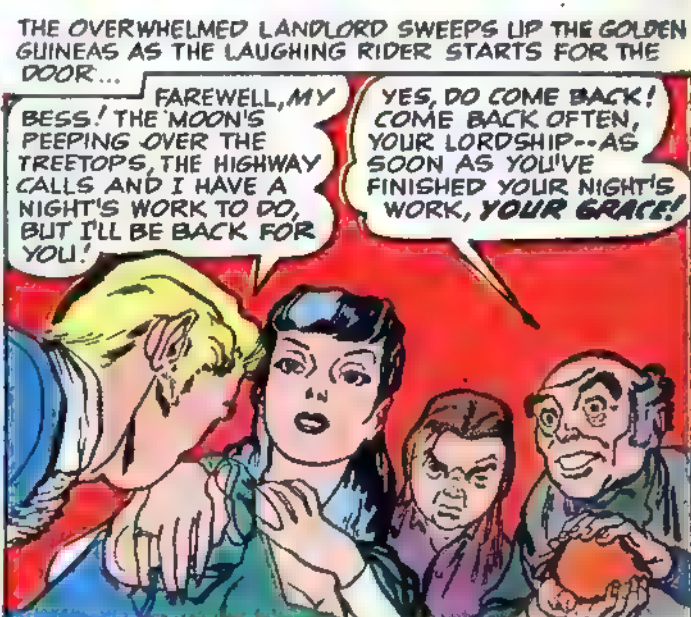
THERE'S A ROGUE'S TRICK! YOU'VE SPOILED A GOOD BARREL OF MY BEST WINE! CAN YOU PAY FOR IT?

PAY FOR IT! ZOUNDS, MAN, YOU SHOULD PAY ME FOR FLAVORING IT! YOUR OSTLER'S GOT A SHARP TONGUE THAT SHOULD SPICE YOUR WINE NICELY!



FIRST YOU FLIRT WITH MY DAUGHTER, THEN RUIN MY PORT!

HOLD YOUR TONGUE, HOST! IF IT'S GOLD YOU WANT--HERE!

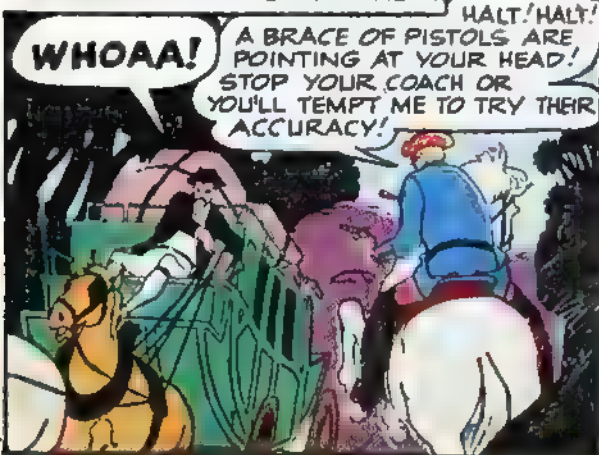


THE OVERWHELMED LANDLORD SWEEPS UP THE GOLDEN GUINEAS AS THE LAUGHING RIDER STARTS FOR THE DOOR...

FAREWELL, MY BESS! THE MOON'S PEEPING OVER THE TREETOPS, THE HIGHWAY CALLS AND I HAVE A NIGHT'S WORK TO DO, BUT I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU!

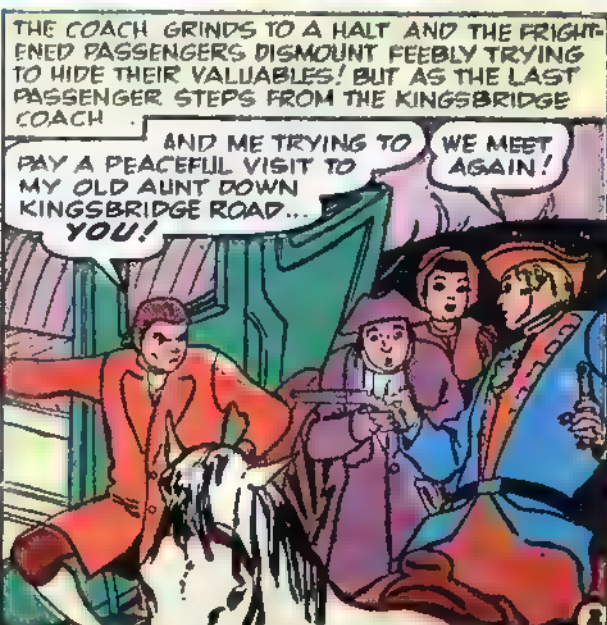
YES, DO COME BACK! COME BACK OFTEN, YOUR LORDSHIP--AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR NIGHT'S WORK, YOUR GRACE!

BUT 'HIS LORDSHIP'S' AND 'HIS GRACE'S' WORK IS HARDLY THE OCCUPATION OF A NOBLEMAN! THOUGH ON HIS NIGHTLY ROUNDS HE OFTEN MEETS NOBLEMEN WHOSE UNFORTUNATE COACHES HE STOPS TO ROB! FIVE HOURS LATER, AS DISTANT LONDON SLEEPS, THE HIGHWAYMAN COMES RIDING...



WHOOA!

A BRACE OF PISTOLS ARE POINTING AT YOUR HEAD! STOP YOUR COACH OR YOU'LL TEMPT ME TO TRY THEIR ACCURACY!



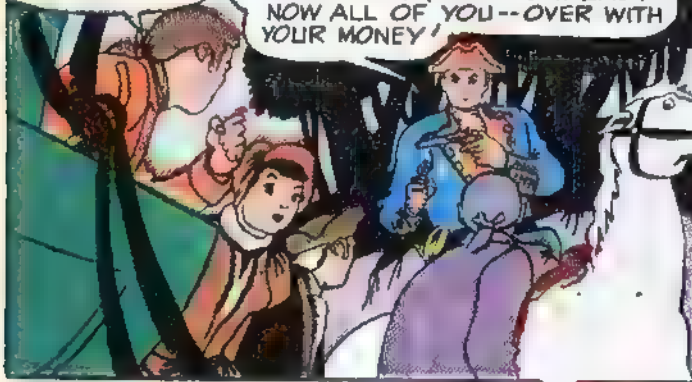
THE COACH GRINDS TO A HALT AND THE FRIGHTENED PASSENGERS DISMOUNT FEEBLY TRYING TO HIDE THEIR VALUABLES! BUT AS THE LAST PASSENGER STEPS FROM THE KINGSBRIDGE COACH

AND ME TRYING TO PAY A PEACEFUL VISIT TO MY OLD AUNT DOWN KINGSBRIDGE ROAD... YOU!

WE MEET AGAIN!

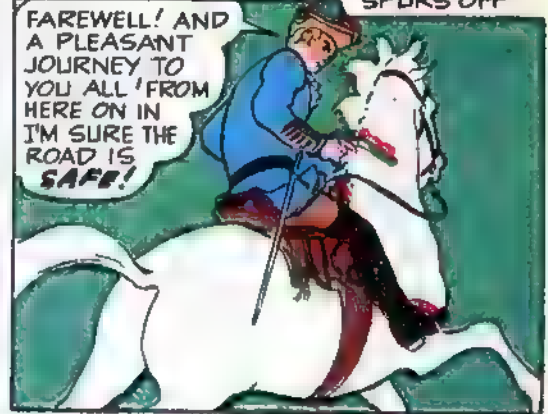
I WAS RIGHT FROM THE START! WHEN I FIRST LAID EYES ON YOU I SAID TO MYSELF -- THERE'S A HIGHWAYMAN!

WELL, KEEP REPEATING MY TRADE ONLY TO YOURSELF! IF YOU BREATHE A WORD OF THIS TO BESS, INSTEAD OF A SWIM IN A BARREL OF PORT YOU'LL FIND A RESTING PLACE IN THE COLD, HARD GROUND! NOW ALL OF YOU -- OVER WITH YOUR MONEY!



RINGS SLIP FROM FINGERS AND COINS JINGLE INTO THE HIGHWAYMAN'S FRENCH COCKED HAT! THEN WITH A GRACEFUL LEAP HE SWINGS ONTO HIS SPANISH LEATHER SADDLE AND WITH A SMILE AND A WAVE, SPURS OFF

FAREWELL! AND A PLEASANT JOURNEY TO YOU ALL 'FROM HERE ON IN I'M SURE THE ROAD IS SAFE!



WITH THE THREAT OF THE HIGHWAYMAN UPON HIM BUT REVENGE BURNING DEEP IN HIS JEALOUS HEART, TIM THE OSTLER, BURSTS INTO THE INN...

I'VE SEEN HIM! THAT DRESSED UP POPINJAY WITH THE BAG OF GOLD GUINEAS -- HE'S A HIGHWAYMAN!

THAT HANDSOME NOBLEMAN WHO PUSHED YOU INTO THE WINE BARREL IS A HIGHWAYMAN? RIDICULOUS! HIS DRESS AND HIS MANNERS TELL WHAT HE IS -- A NOBLEMAN!



DON'T TELL ME WHAT HE IS! HE STOPPED THE KINGS-BRIDGE COACH I WAS RIDING IN! HE'S A HIGHWAYMAN!

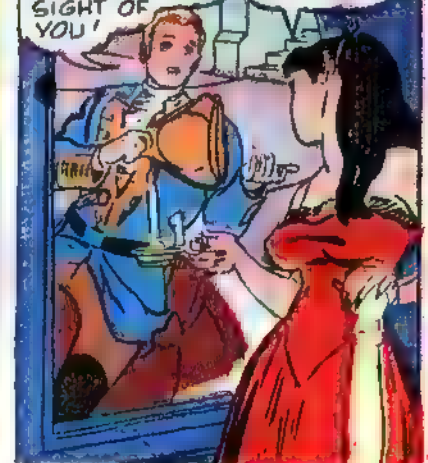
NO WONDER HE WAS SO FREE WITH HIS GOLD -- IT CAME FROM OTHER PEOPLES PURSES! WHEN HE COMES BACK TO THE "COACH AND FOUR" HE'LL FIND THE DOORS LOCKED AND THE WINDOWS BARRED!



SOON AFTER, THE DUSTY RIDER KNOCKS IN VAIN ON THE BARRED INN DOOR ...

BESS! WHY IS THE DOOR LOCKED? I CAN'T LET YOU IN! MY FATHER SAYS YOU'RE A HIGHWAYMAN -- I KNOW HE'S WRONG!

I CAN'T LET YOU IN! MY FATHER SAYS YOU'RE A HIGHWAYMAN -- I KNOW HE'S WRONG!



THEN SUDDENLY

RED COATS! HERE'S GOOD FARE FOR YOUR FATHER'S INN -- HIS MAJESTY'S MEN! YOU'VE CUSTOMS ENOUGH TO MIND -- NO NEED FOR ME TO LINGER! BUT ERE THE MOON SETS TWICE -- I WILL BE BACK, BESS!

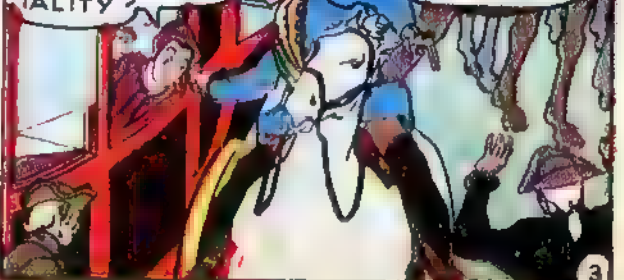
MY FATHER'S DOOR MAY BE BARRED TO YOU, BUT MY WINDOW AWAITS YOUR TAP!



THE ROAD FROM DOVER HEADS INLAND FROM THE SEA TO LONDON! OVER THE ROAD RICH TRAVELERS FROM FRANCE MEET THEIR FIRST BRITISH WELCOMER!

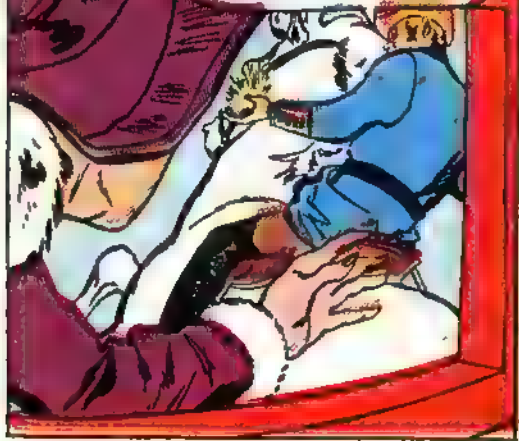
MON DIEU! DO NOT TAKE MY PEARL EARRINGS, MONSIEUR! IS THIS YOUR ENGLISH HOSPITALITY?

NO, MADAM, ENGLISH GALLANTRY! FOR I KNOW FAR PRETTIER EARS THAN YOURS THAT THESE PEARLS CAN GRACE!

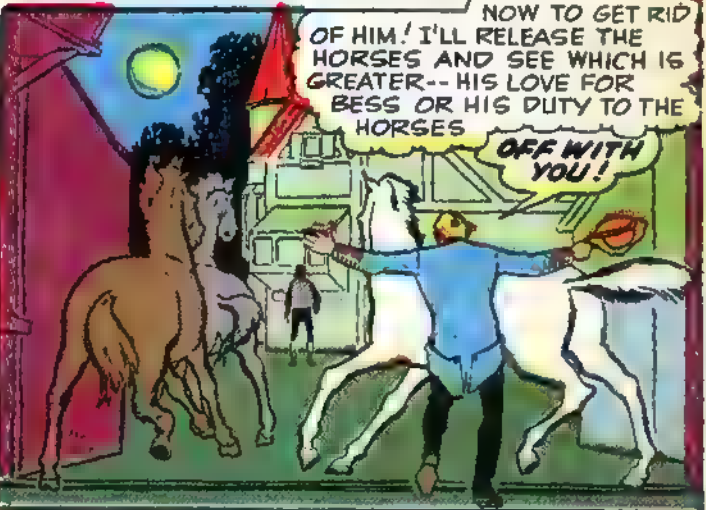


I WILL HAVE THEM BACK! MY HUSBAND SPENT A FORTUNE FOR THEM!

AND MONEY WELL SPENT! BUT I AM SURE IF HE SAW ME TAKING THEM TO A FAR YOUNGER WOMAN HE WOULD APPLAUD MY NOBLE ACT! AWAY!



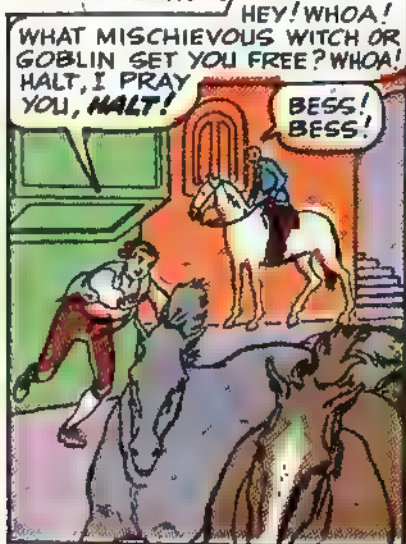
THE MOON RIDES HIGH AND THE TWO PEARLS SPARKLE IN THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HAND AS HE STARTS FOR THE "COACH AND FOUR," BUT THE JEALOUS OSTLER WALKS OUTSIDE THE INN AS IF ON GUARD...



NOW TO GET RID OF HIM! I'LL RELEASE THE HORSES AND SEE WHICH IS GREATER-- HIS LOVE FOR BESS OR HIS DUTY TO THE HORSES

OFF WITH YOU!

AS THE HORSES RACE FROM THE STABLE THE WATCHFUL OSTLER TURNS...



HEY! WHOA! WHAT MISCHIEVOUS WITCH OR GOBLIN SET YOU FREE? WHOA! HALT, I PRAY YOU, HALT!

BESS! BESS!

YOU HAVE COME BACK! I'LL ALWAYS COME BY MOONLIGHT, AT THE SILVER HOUR! I RODE HARD THROUGH THE NIGHT TO BRING A RICH PRESENT FOR ONE SO FAIR AS YOU--HERE!



PEARL EARRINGS! THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

SAY I FETCHED THEM FROM THE INDIES! RIDING MY VALIANT WINGED STEED ACROSS THE OCEAN I SAW THEM IN THE WATERY DEPTH BELOW AND FOR MY LOVE I DOVE AND BROUGHT THEM UP! THEN I RACED HERE WITH THEM UP THE DOVER ROAD!

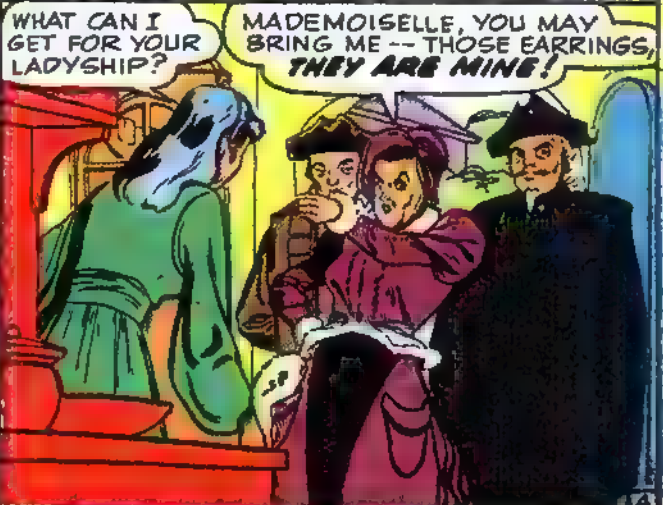


THAT'S A PRETTY STORY! AND IF YOU SAY THAT'S HOW THEY CAME TO ME-- WHY THEN I STILL FEEL THE WATER OF THE INDIAN SEAS CLINGING TO THEM AND THEY'RE COOLING TO MY EARS!



THEN TELL TOMORROW NIGHT, AND WHO KNOWS WHAT PRIZES THE STARRY NIGHT MAY BRING?

LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON A FASHIONABLE COACH STOPS AT THE "COACH AND FOUR" AS ITS FOREIGN PASSENGERS SEEK REFRESHMENT ON THEIR WAY FROM LONDON TO CAMBRIDGE...



WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOUR LADYSHIP?

MADemoiselle, you may bring me-- those earrings, THEY ARE MINE!

THEY CAN'T BE YOURS! MY LOVER GAVE THEM TO ME LAST NIGHT!

IF YOUR GENTLEMAN IS A HAND-SOME ROGUE WITH A CLARET DOUBLET AND SHINY PISTOLS --IT IS HE WHO TOOK THEM FROM ME LAST NIGHT ON THE ROAD FROM DOVER!



I TOLD YOU HE WAS A COMMON HIGHWAYMAN!

H-HERE-- TAKE THEM IF THEY'RE YOURS...



THE HAPPY OSTLER FOLLOWS BESS UP TO HER ROOM BUT HIS MOMENT OF JEALOUS TRIUMPH IS CUT SHORT AS SHE SLAMS THE HEAVY OAK DOOR SHUT IN HIS FACE...

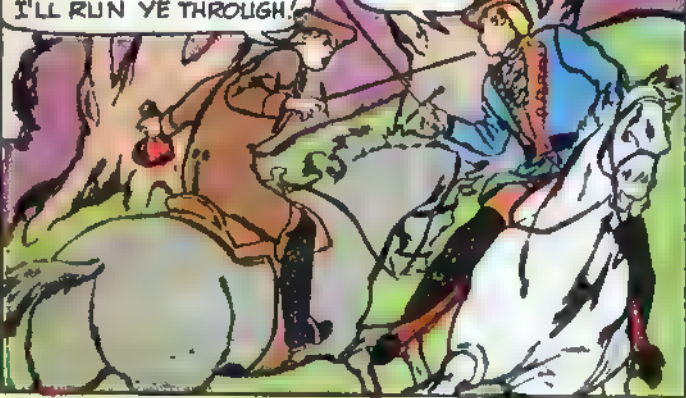
NO!! (SOB!) IT CAN'T BE... HIS WORDS ARE POETRY, HIS MANNERS MAJESTIC... BUT HE'S JUST A HIGHWAYMAN (SOB!)... BUT I DON'T CARE WHAT HE IS SO LONG AS HE COMES BACK TO ME AGAIN TONIGHT -- I LOVE HIM!



NIGHT DRAWS HER DARK CLOAK ACROSS THE COUNTRY ROAD AND THE HIGHWAYMAN STARTS BACK ON HIS PERILOUS ROUTE...

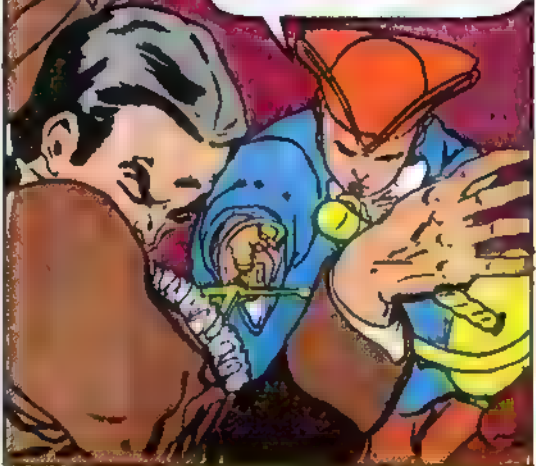
YE WON'T BE STEALING MY PURSE, CUTTHROAT! BY MY RIGHT ARM, I'LL RUN YE THROUGH!

SO BE IT! YOUR RIGHT ARM AGAINST MINE-- TO THE WINNER THE PURSE!

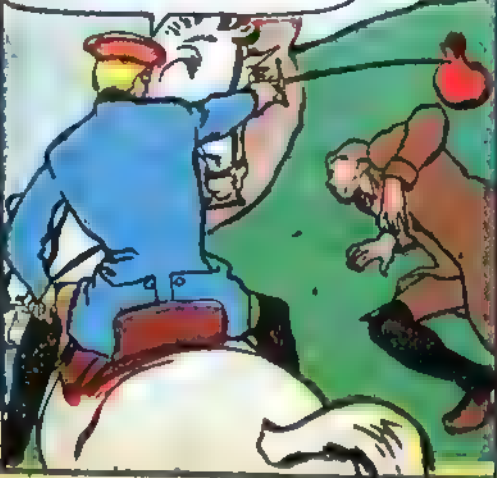


AIEE!

NEXT TIME-- IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME FOR YOU, SIR--PARRY WHEN YOUR OPPONENT THRUSTS!



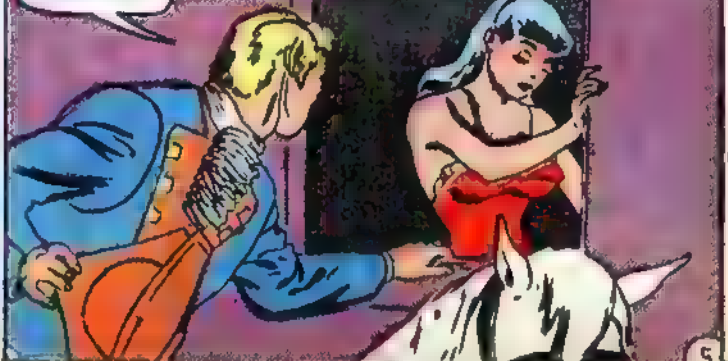
I'LL TAKE THE DUEL'S PRIZE --YOUR PURSE--AND BE OFF! THERE'S A BONNY LASS WHO WAITS FOR ME, AND IF YOUR PURSE BE FULL ENOUGH, THEN MY WORK'S DONE FOR THIS NIGHT!



"OVER THE COBBLES HE CLATTERED AND CLASHED IN THE DARK, INN-YARD, AND HE TAPPED WITH HIS WHIP ON THE SHUTTERS... AND WHO SHOULD BE WAITING THERE..."

BESS, YOUR PRETTY EYES ARE RED FROM TEARS... AND WHERE ARE THE PEARL EARRINGS I FETCHED YOU FROM THE FAR OFF INDIES?

THE FRENCH WOMAN WHO WAS ROBBED OF THEM ALONG THE DOVER ROAD HAS THEM AGAIN!



THEN YOU HAVE FOUND OUT MY TRADE... I AM SORRY! I LIVE BY MY SWORD AND MY GOOD STEED'S SPEED-- BUT WHAT'S A MAN'S LIFE WORTH LIVING FOR IF HE CAN'T BRING JOY TO THE TEAR-REDDENED EYES OF A PRETTY MAIDEN LIKE YOU?



YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME YOUR NAME! NOW I CAN CALL YOU BY YOUR TITLE, **HIGHWAY-MAN!** STRANGE, ON MY LIPS THAT WORD SOUNDS SOFTER THAN I IMAGINED IT WOULD!

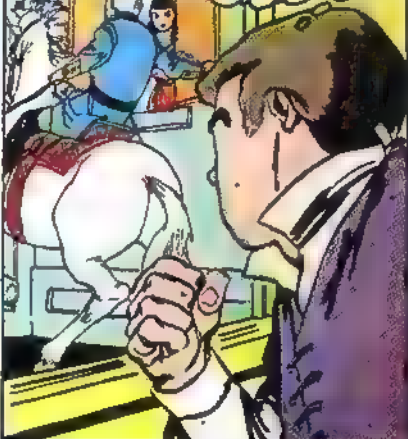
"AND DARK IN THE OLD INN-YARD A STABLE WICKET CREAKED WHERE TIM THE OSTLER LISTENED, HIS FACE WAS WHITE AND PEAKED..."

AND YOUR LIPS FEEL SOFTER ON MINE THAN I EVER DARED DREAM!



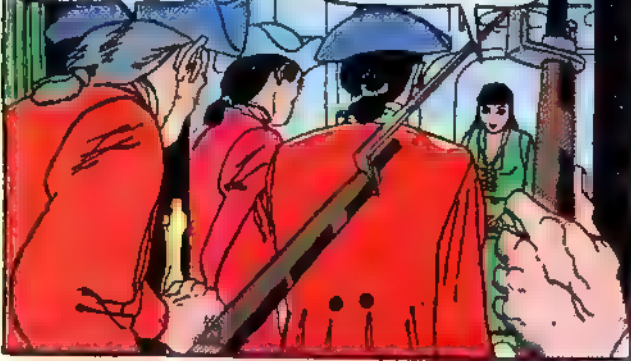
"WATCH FOR ME BY THE MOONLIGHT-- I'LL COME TO THEE BY MOONLIGHT THOUGH HADES SHOULD BAR THE WAY!"

WHEN YOU COME BACK BY MOONLIGHT **RED COATS** WILL BAR YOUR WAY!



"...OUT OF THE TAWNY SUNSET, BEFORE THE RISE OF THE MOON, WHEN THE ROAD WAS A GYPSY'S RIBBON LOOPING THE PURPLE MOOR, A RED COAT TROOP CAME MARCHING..."

THE "COACH AND FOUR" AYE, HERE'S THE PLACE! W-WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE? WE ARE CLOSED NOW!



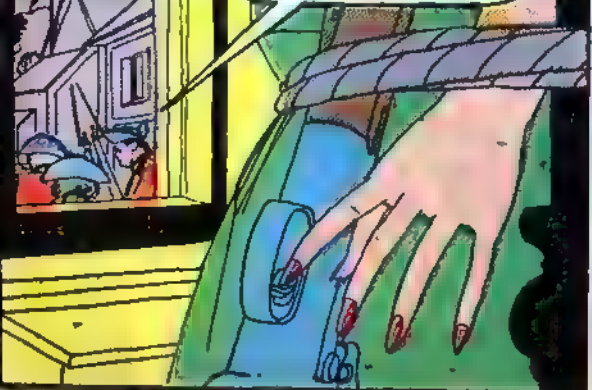
"THEY GAGGED... AND BOUND HER TO THE FOOT OF HER NARROW BED... THEY HAD TIED HER UP TO ATTENTION WITH MANY A SNIGGERING JEST! THEY HAD BOUND A MUSKET BESIDE HER WITH THE BARREL BENEATH HER BREAST..."

NOW KEEP GOOD WATCH! SAY WHEN HE LEFT ME... "WATCH FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT-- I'LL COME TO THEE BY MOONLIGHT THOUGH HADES SHOULD BAR THE WAY!"



SHE "STRETCHED AND STRAINED IN THE DARKNESS AND THE HOURS CRAWLED BY LIKE YEARS... ON THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT THE TIP OF HER FINGER TOUCHED IT! THE TRIGGER AT LAST WAS HERS!"

HE SHOULD BE COMING SOON! SHE CAN'T WARN HIM-- BUT SHE CAN WATCH HIM **FALL!**



"TLOT--TLOT, TLOT--TLOT! HAD THEY HEARD IT? THE HORSE HOOFES RINGING CLEAR... TLOT--TLOT, TLOT--TLOT IN THE DISTANCE! WERE THEY DEAF THAT THEY DID NOT HEAR?"

HE'S COMING! I MUST MAKE HIM **TURN BACK!**



DOWN THE RIBBON OF MOON-LIGHT, OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING--RIDING--

THEN HER FINGER MOVED IN THE MOONLIGHT, HER MUSKET SHATTERED THE MOONLIGHT... SHATTERED HER BREAST IN THE MOONLIGHT AND WARNED HIM --WITH HER DEATH--

HE TURNED AND SPURRED TO THE WEST--

HERE HE COMES!
READY...AIM...



AWAY! SOMEONE FIRED A WARNING SHOT! I SHANT WAIT TO FIND OUT WHO!

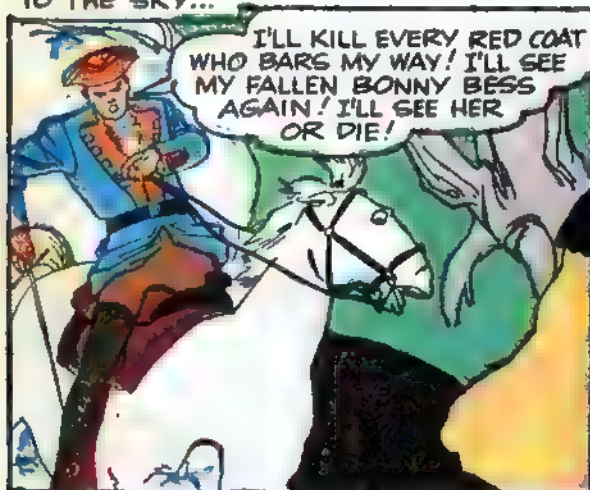


...HE DID NOT KNOW WHO STOOD...BOWED WITH HER HEAD OVER THE MUSKET, DRENCHED WITH HER OWN RED BLOOD...NOT TILL THE DAWN HE HEARD IT...BACK HE SPURRED LIKE A MADMAN, SHRIEKING A CURSE TO THE SKY--

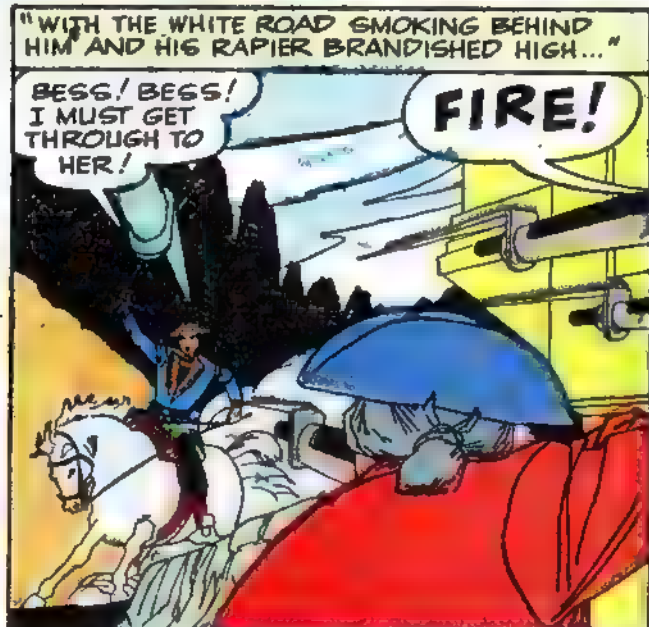
"WITH THE WHITE ROAD SMOKING BEHIND HIM AND HIS RAPIER BRANDISHED HIGH..."

BESS! BESS!
I MUST GET THROUGH TO HER!

FIRE!

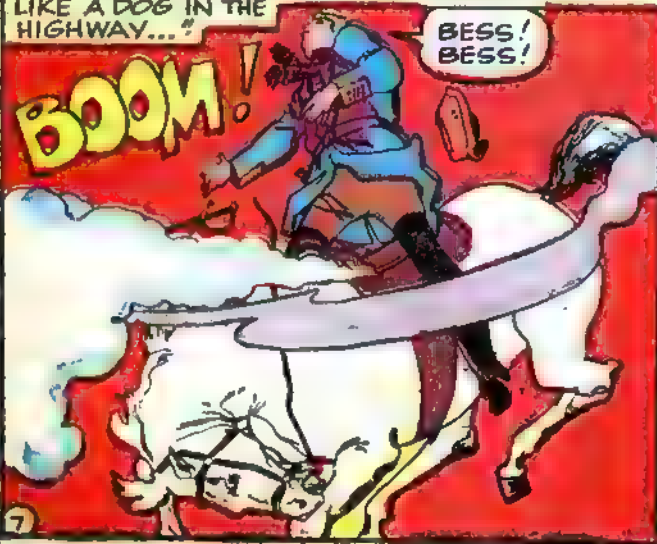


I'LL KILL EVERY RED COAT WHO BARS MY WAY! I'LL SEE MY FALLEN BONNY BESS AGAIN! I'LL SEE HER OR DIE!

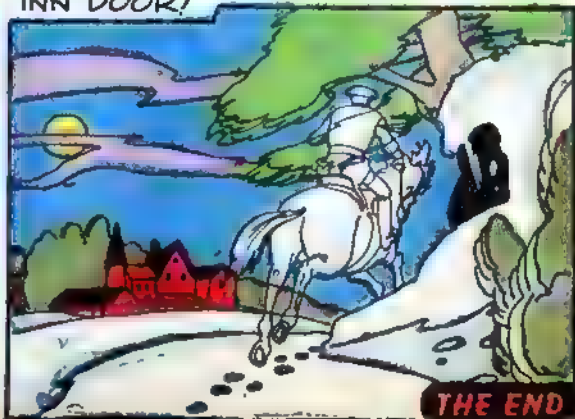


"BLOOD RED WERE HIS SPURS IN THE GOLDEN NOON, WINE RED WAS HIS VELVET COAT WHEN THEY SHOT HIM DOWN IN THE HIGHWAY, DOWN LIKE A DOG IN THE HIGHWAY..."

"AND STILL OF A WINTER'S NIGHT THEY SAY WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE TREES...WHEN THE MOON IS A GHOSTLY GALLEON TOSSED UPON CLOUDY SEAS...WHEN THE ROAD IS A RIBBON OF MOONLIGHT OVER THE PURPLE MOOR...A HIGHWAYMAN COMES RIDING, RIDING, RIDING...A HIGHWAYMAN COMES, RIDING UP TO THE OLD INN DOOR!"



BESS!
BESS!



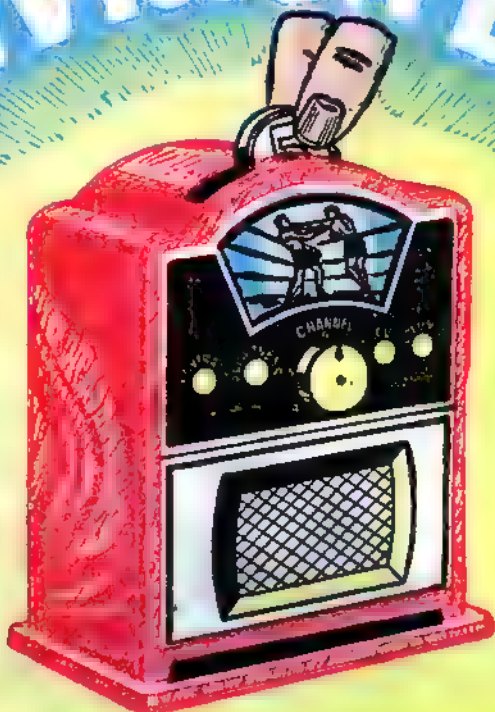
THE END

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LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



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\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

WORKS IN ONE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!

Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

WOW! WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!

Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!

When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY" FAST!

Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A NUMBER—IN EVERY DEPARTMENT!

You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a pleasing addition to your doll's living room! You love it and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., Dept. 48N,
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____

(Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

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Zone _____

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☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. 48N, New York 2, N. Y.

THE WHITE DEATH

**THE YEAR: 1945
THE PLACE: ALASKA**

NO, TONY, DON'T SHOOT! WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER... GIVE ME A BREAK... TONY... NO... AARGHHH!

I AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR A SICK MAN, TINY. THEY'RE TOO CLOSE ON OUR TAILS AND YOU'RE NOTHING BUT DEAD WEIGHT! SO LONG, TINY. I'LL THINK OF YOU WHEN I'M OUT OF THIS AND SPENDING THE CROOKED DOUGH WE MADE!



7697

THE VICIOUS BLACK MARKET THAT WAS THE AFTERMATH OF TOTAL WAR DID NOT CONFINE ITSELF TO THE GREATLY POPULATED AREAS. THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, WHENEVER PROFIT COULD BE GLEANED FROM THE WANTS AND MISERIES OF OTHERS, THE BLACK MARKET CAME INTO BEING. THIS IS THE TRUE STORY, FROM THE FILES OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, OF ONE SUCH OPERATION WHICH WAS SPARKED BY A GANGSTER, AN EX-G.I., IN AMERICA'S NORTHERN OUTPOST, ALASKA!

ANTHONY PELLONE WAS A PETTY GANGSTER FROM NEW YORK WHO WAS INDUCTED INTO THE ARMED FORCES IN 1944. IN DUE COURSE HE WAS SHIPPED TO ALASKA!

WHAT A CRUMMY JOINT! NOTHIN' BUT MUD AND SNOW AND ESKIMOS... NOT TO MENTION THE LOUSY FOOD!

THE FOOD IS SWELL OVER AT THE SICK BAY... I WAS LAID UP LAST WEEK WITH A COLD, AND BELIEVE ME, THEY REALLY FED YOU THERE!



IS THAT SO! WELL, THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION... IT'S GIVEN ME A TERRIFIC IDEA!

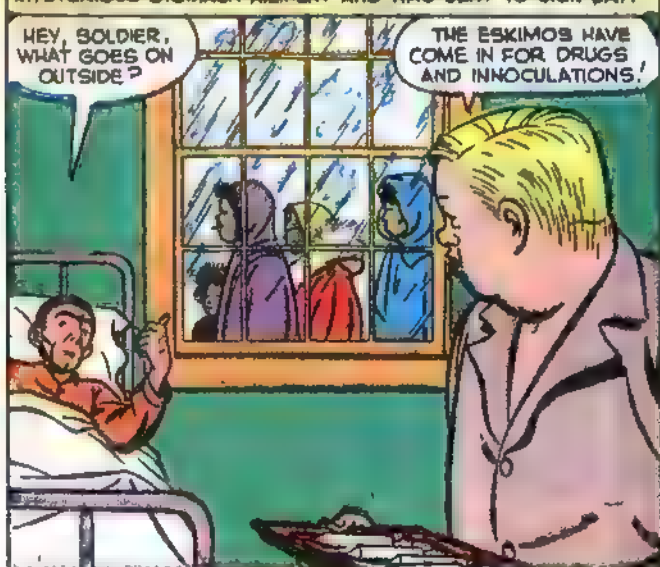
INFORMATION IS CHEAP OUT HERE, SOLDIER!



WITHIN THE WEEK, TONY PELLONE WAS STRICKEN WITH A MYSTERIOUS STOMACH AILMENT AND WAS SENT TO SICK BAY!

HEY, SOLDIER, WHAT GOES ON OUTSIDE?

THE ESKIMOS HAVE COME IN FOR DRUGS AND INNOCULATIONS!



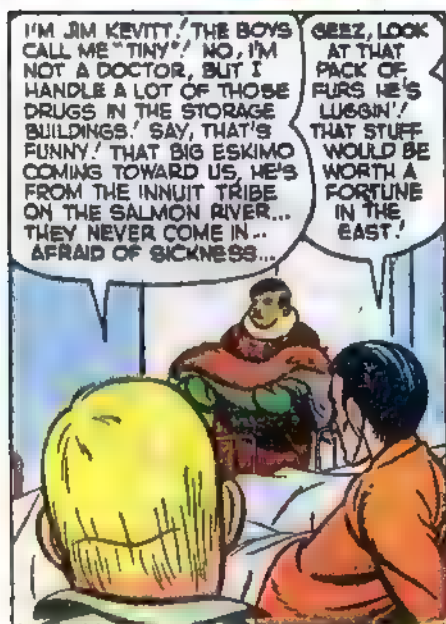
WHEN THE WHITE MEN CAME INTO THIS COUNTRY IN NUMBERS THEY BROUGHT DISEASE WITH THEM... DISEASE THAT THE WHITES HAD A NATURAL IMMUNITY TO BUT THAT KILLED THE NATIVE INDIANS AND ESKIMOS! THE NATIVES FINALLY CAME TO US AND WE'VE BEEN DISHING OUT SOME OF THE NEW MIRACLE DRUGS, AND SAVING THEM FROM DEATH! THEY THINK NOW THAT THE WHITE MAN'S MEDICINE IS MAGIC... THEY'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR IT!

HEY, YOU SEEM TO KNOW PLENTY ABOUT IT! ARE YOU A SAW-BONES? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



I'M JIM KEVITT! THE BOYS CALL ME "TINY". NO, I'M NOT A DOCTOR, BUT I HANDLE A LOT OF THOSE DRUGS IN THE STORAGE BUILDINGS! SAY, THAT'S FUNNY! THAT BIG ESKIMO COMING TOWARD US, HE'S FROM THE INNUIT TRIBE ON THE SALMON RIVER... THEY NEVER COME IN... AFRAID OF SICKNESS...

GEEZ, LOOK AT THAT PACK OF FURS HE'S LUGGIN'! THAT STUFF WOULD BE WORTH A FORTUNE IN THE EAST!



INNUIT PEOPLE! SICK! NAKU! COME IN TO TRADE FURS FOR MAGIC MEDICINE!

WE DON'T TRADE, NAKU! YOU KEEP THE FURS!

HEY, ARE YA CRAZY OR SOMETHING?



NO WANT FURS? TAKE GOLD, THEN! NEED MAGIC MEDICINE BAD!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, NAKU! YOU CAN HAVE THE MEDICINE FOR NOTHING! JUST GO OVER TO THAT LINE AND TELL THE DOCTOR, SAVVY? TELL DOCTOR!

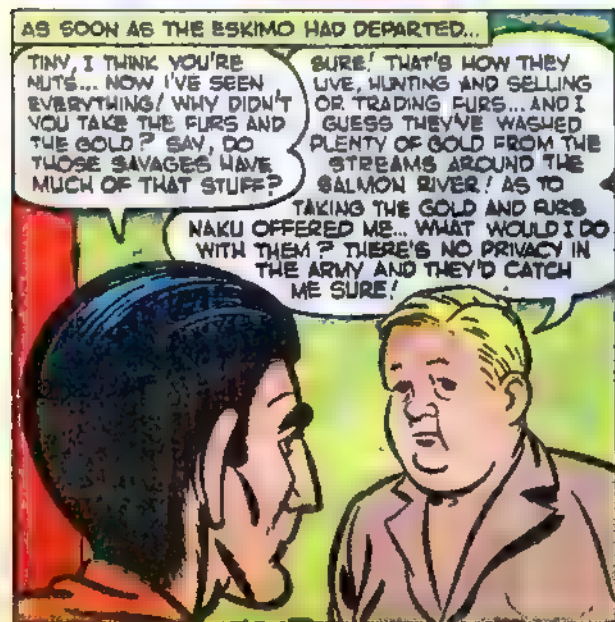
GOLD! HOLY SMOKE... REAL GOLD!



AS SOON AS THE ESKIMO HAD DEPARTED...

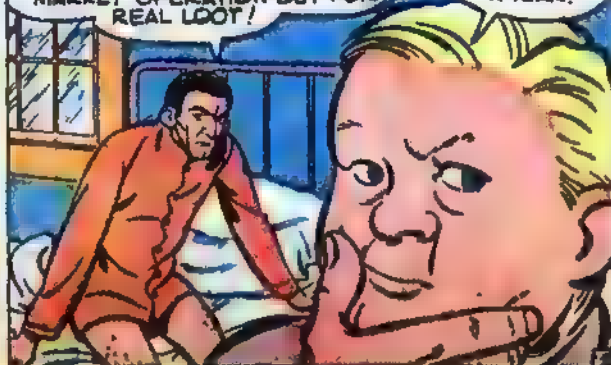
TINY, I THINK YOU'RE NUTS... NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE FURS AND THE GOLD? SAY, DO THOSE SAVAGES HAVE MUCH OF THAT STUFF?

SURE! THAT'S HOW THEY LIVE, HUNTING AND SELLING OR TRADING FURS... AND I GUESS THEY'VE WASHED PLENTY OF GOLD FROM THE STREAMS AROUND THE SALMON RIVER! AS TO TAKING THE GOLD AND FURS, NAKU OFFERED ME... WHAT WOULD I DO WITH THEM? THERE'S NO PRIVACY IN THE ARMY AND THEY'D CATCH ME SURE!



LOOK, TINY, THE WAR WON'T LAST FOREVER, AND I'VE JUST GOT AN IDEA HOW YOU AND ME CAN MAKE A REAL STAKE... GO BACK TO CIVILIZATION LOADED! YOU HANDLE SOME OF THESE MAGIC DRUGS! WELL, HOW ABOUT SWIPING A LITTLE FROM TIME TO TIME, JUST ENOUGH SO THEY WON'T NOTICE! WE'LL HIDE THE STUFF AND WHEN WE'RE MUSTERED OUT WE'LL TRADE IT TO THE ESKIMOS FOR FURS AND GOLD... A BLACK MARKET OPERATION BUT FOR REAL LOOT!

IT'S DANGEROUS BUT MAYBE WE COULD DO IT! HMMMM, WITH ANY LUCK WE COULD TAKE A FORTUNE-OUT OF THIS COUNTRY IN A YEAR!



SO A PACT WAS FORMED BETWEEN TONY PELLONE AND TINY KEVITT! OVER A PERIOD OF MANY MONTHS, TINY STOLE SMALL PACKAGES FROM THE DRUG COMMISSARY, AND TONY HID THEM UNDER THE COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING!

YOU'RE DOIN' GOOD, TINY! FROM WHAT I HEAR THE WAR CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER AND THEN, BROTHER, WE'RE IN BUSINESS ... AND WHAT A BUSINESS!

I'LL HAVE TO LAY OFF FOR AWHILE, TONY! THEY'RE CHECKING UP ON SHIPMENTS! I THINK THEY'VE NOTICED THE SHORTAGE, BUT THEY CAN'T PIN IT ON ME! I'VE BEEN TOO CAREFUL!

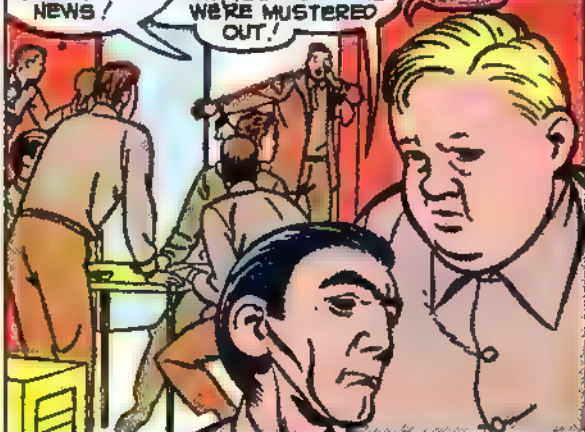


THE LONG, DARK, NORTHERN WINTER FINALLY LEFT THE DESOLATE LAND, AND THEN CAME THAT DAY IN AUGUST THAT ALL THE WORLD HAD WAITED FOR SO LONG!

IT'S OVER, FELLERS... THE WAR'S OVER! JUST GOT THE NEWS!

THIS IS IT, TINY! LISTEN, STASH AWAY AS MUCH OF THAT STUFF AS YOU CAN UNTIL WE'RE MUSTERED OUT!

I'LL DO MY BEST, TONY, BUT THEY'RE KEEPING A PRETTY CAREFUL CHECK NOW!



THREE MONTHS LATER, TONY PELLONE AND TINY KEVITT WERE MUSTERED OUT OF THE U.S. ARMY! THEY USED THEIR MUSTERING OUT PAY TO BUY DOGS, SLEDS AND EQUIPMENT, AND BEGAN THEIR CRIMINAL BLACK MARKET OPERATION!

THERE'S THE TANINUTE VILLAGE AHEAD! THEY'VE HAD A SMALLPOX PLAGUE THERE RECENTLY! NOT MANY OF THEM LEFT NOW!

GOOD! THEY SHOULD BE HAPPY TO GET OUR PRODUCT!



CHIEF, THE WAR'S OVER! ARMY GO AWAY, TAKE MAGIC MEDICINE WITH THEM! WE HAVE MAGIC MEDICINE... WE GIVE IT TO YOU FOR FURS AND GOLD! SAVVY?

WE SAVVY! NEED MEDICINE TO CURE PEOPLE! GIVE YOU FURS... GOLD, ANYTHING...

I'LL GET THE STUFF, TONY!



BOY OH BOY, DID YOU SEE SOME OF THEM FURS? MARTEN, ERMINE, SEAL, SILVER FOX... AND THE GOLD, TOO! BUT LISTEN, TINY, YOU'RE TOO GENEROUS WITH THE MEDICINE... JUST GIVE THEM A LITTLE... WE'LL HAVE ALL THE ALASKAN TRIBES WORKIN' FOR US!

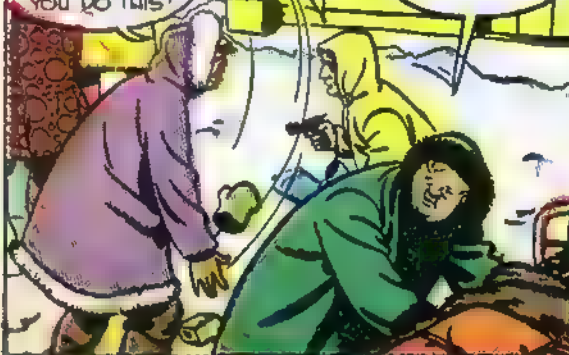


BUT SOMETIMES THE TWO CRIMINALS RAN INTO DIFFICULTY!

NO GIVE YOU FURS AND GOLD FOR LITTLE BIT OF MEDICINE! GO TO ARMY PLACE! GET MUCH MEDICINE FOR NOTHING! I TELL ARMY MEN YOU DO THIS!

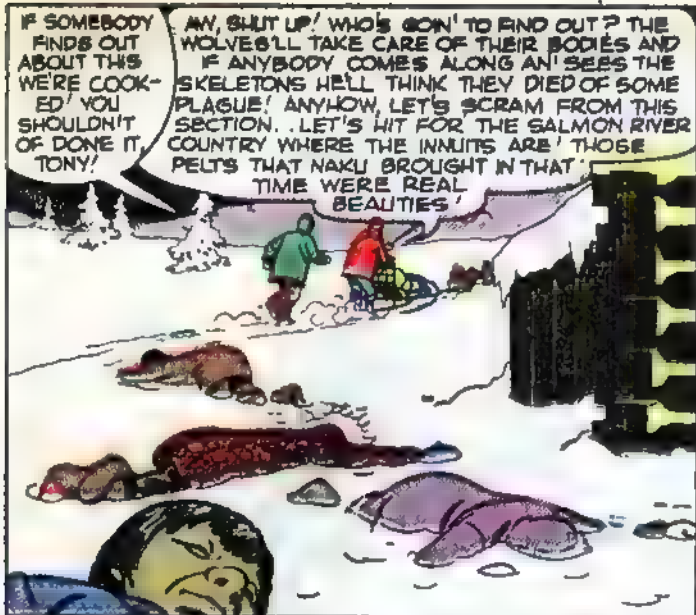
OH, YOU WILL, WILL YA? TINY, GET THE TOMMY GUN! WE'VE GOT TO FIX THESE SLANT-EYED MONKEYS SO'S THEY DON'T SPILL TO THE ARMY!

OKAY, TONY, BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS! SELLING THIS STUFF IS ONE THING, BUT KILLIN' IS SOMETHING I DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR!



ALL RIGHT, IF YOU'RE YELLOW AND CAN'T STAND A LITTLE BLOOD, GET THE DOGS TURNED AROUND... I'LL DO THE KILLIN'... AN' WE'LL TAKE THEIR GOLD AND FURS ANYHOW!

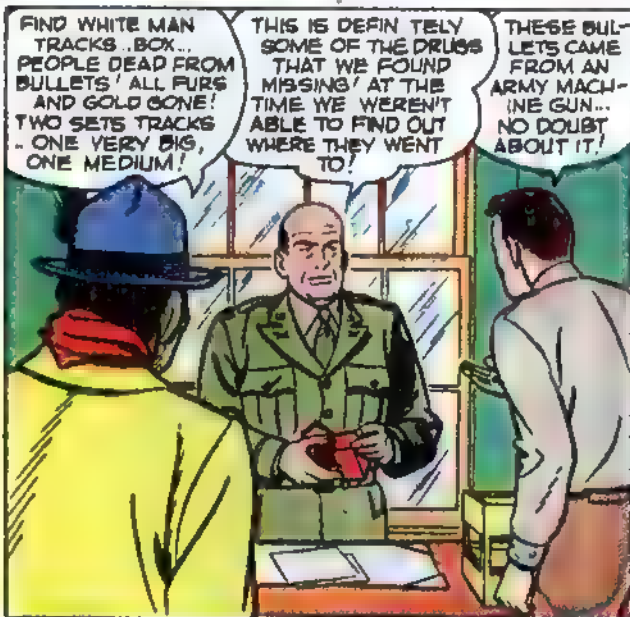




IF SOMEBODY FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS WE'RE COOKED! YOU SHOULDN'T OF DONE IT, TONY!

AN, SHUT UP! WHO'S GOIN' TO FIND OUT? THE WOLVES'LL TAKE CARE OF THEIR BODIES AND IF ANYBODY COMES ALONG AN' SEES THE SKELETONS HELL THINK THEY DIED OF SOME PLAGUE! ANYHOW, LET'S SCRAM FROM THIS SECTION... LET'S HIT FOR THE SALMON RIVER COUNTRY WHERE THE INNUITS ARE! THOSE PELTS THAT NAKU BROUGHT IN THAT TIME WERE REAL BEAUTIES!

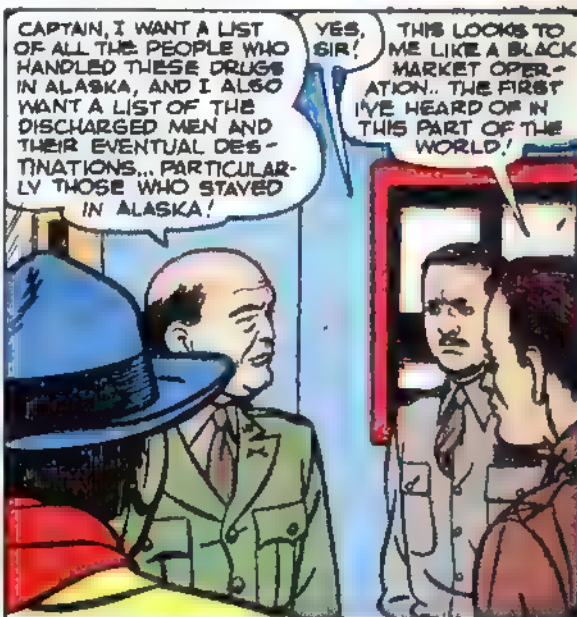
WHILE PELLONE AND TINY MADE THEIR WAY TO THE HEADWATERS OF THE SALMON RIVER, AN INDIAN HUNTER MUSHED INTO ARMY HEADQUARTERS WITH A BOX OF THE MAGIC MEDICINE AND A TALE OF MASSACRE!



FIND WHITE MAN TRACKS... BOX... PEOPLE DEAD FROM BULLETS! ALL FURS AND GOLD GONE! TWO SETS TRACKS... ONE VERY BIG, ONE MEDIUM!

THIS IS DEFINITELY SOME OF THE DRUGS THAT WE FOUND MISSING! AT THE TIME WE WEREN'T ABLE TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY WENT TO!

THESE BULLETS CAME FROM AN ARMY MACHINE GUN... NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!



CAPTAIN, I WANT A LIST OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HANDLED THESE DRUGS IN ALASKA, AND I ALSO WANT A LIST OF THE DISCHARGED MEN AND THEIR EVENTUAL DESTINATIONS... PARTICULARLY THOSE WHO STAYED IN ALASKA!

YES, SIR! THIS LOOKS TO ME LIKE A BLACK MARKET OPERATION... THE FIRST I'VE HEARD OF IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD!



MEANWHILE, IN A CAMP ON THE SALMON RIVER!

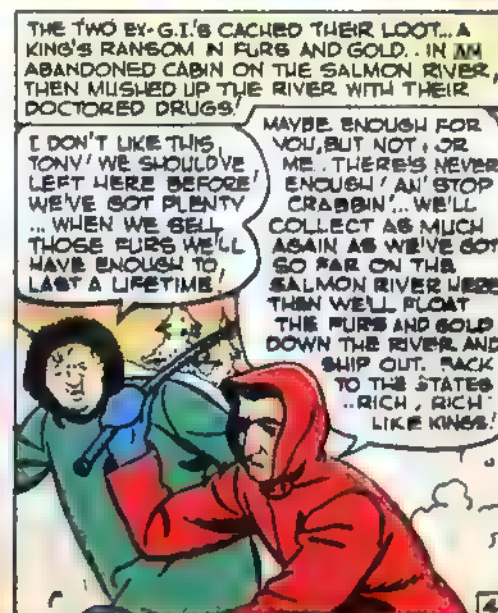
TONY, WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH OF THE DRUGS LEFT! LET'S PEDDLE WHAT WE HAVE TO THE INNUITS AND GET OUT! GET BACK TO THE STATES!

I NOTICED WE WERE RUNNING SHORT, BUT COME HERE... TAKE A LOOK AT THIS STUFF! WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE TO YOU?



IT LOOKS LIKE... LIKE SUGAR!

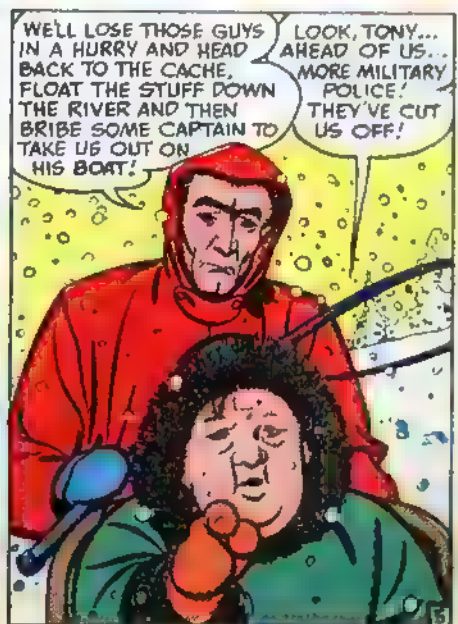
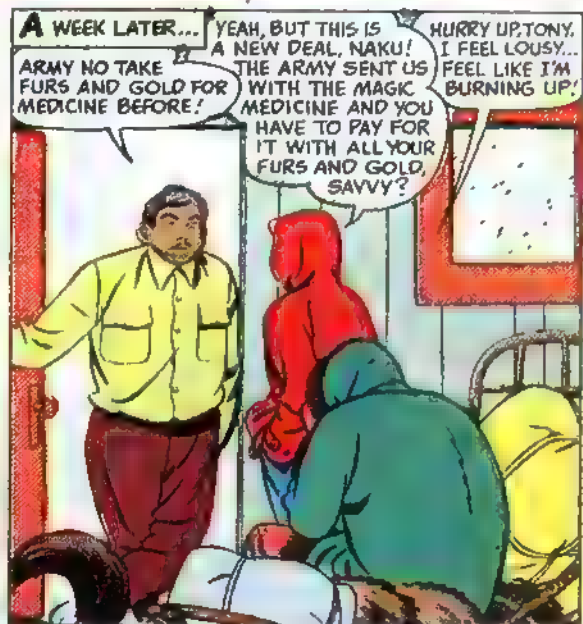
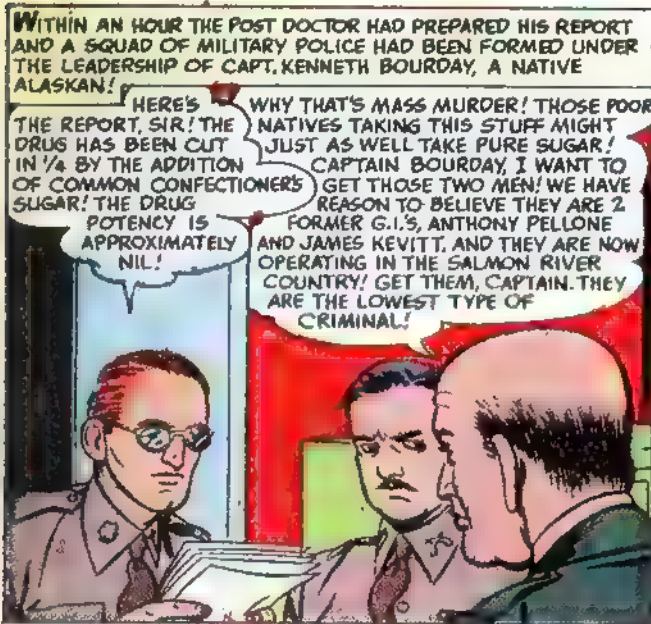
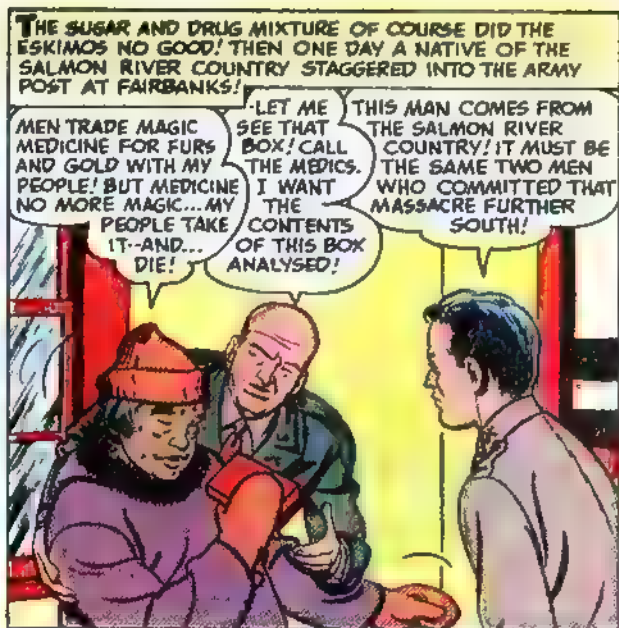
RIGHT! LOOK TINY, THERE'S STILL LOTS OF VILLAGES BETWEEN US AND THE INNUITS, AND THEY ALL HAVE GOLD AND PELTS! WE CAN'T JUST LET THAT STUFF GO! WE'LL MIX SUGAR WITH THE DRUGS. WHO'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE? THESE DUMB ESKIMOS WON'T! WE CAN STRETCH THIS STUFF A MILE WITH SUGAR. C'MON, BREAK OPEN A COUPLE OF BAGS, AND WE'LL MIX OUR OWN MAGIC DRUGS, HA! HA! HA!

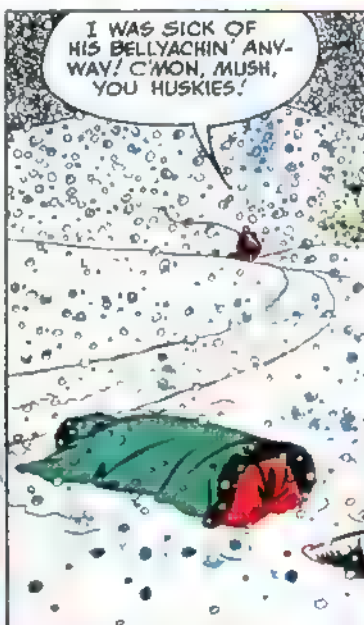
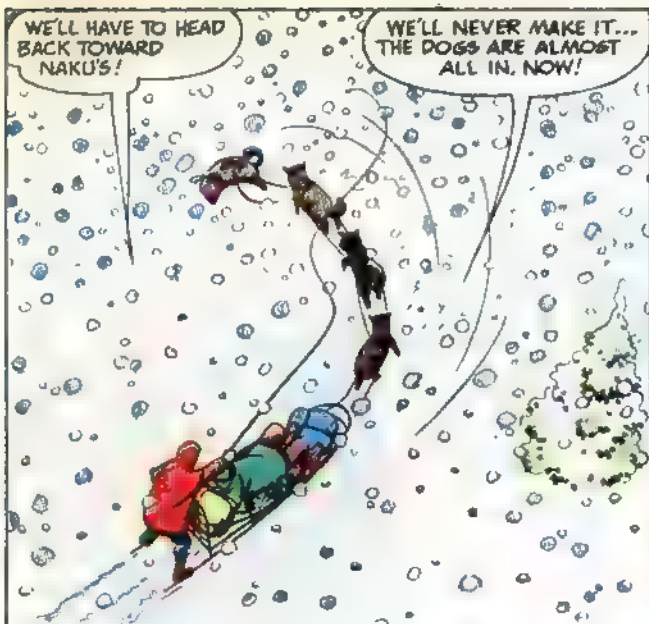


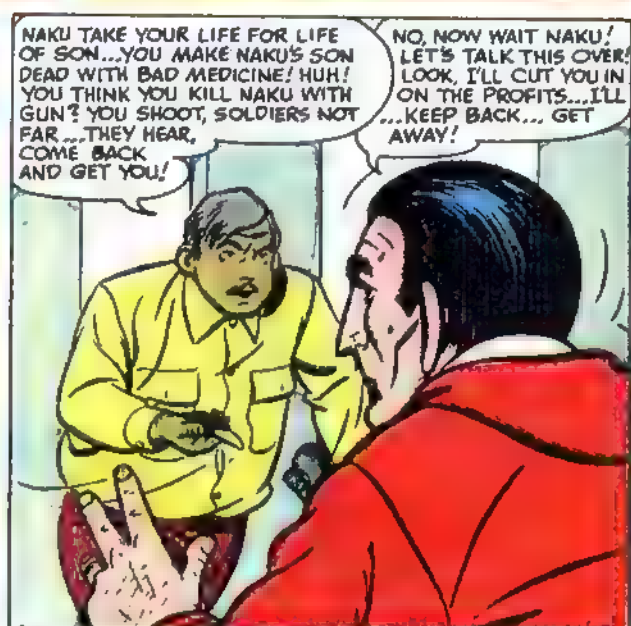
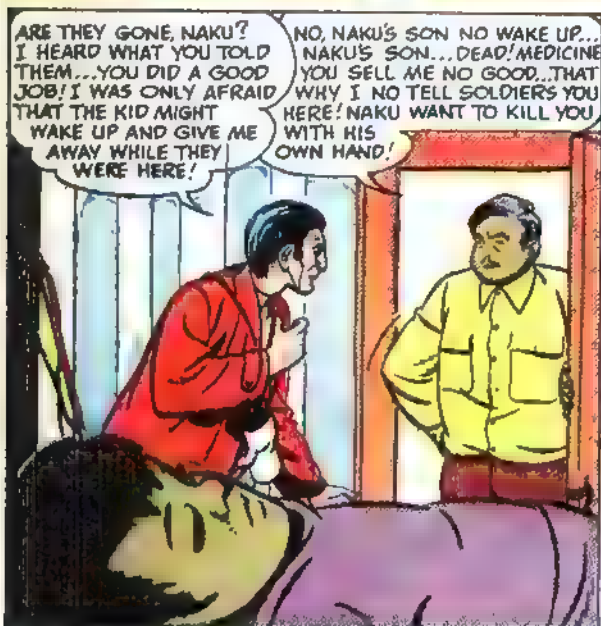
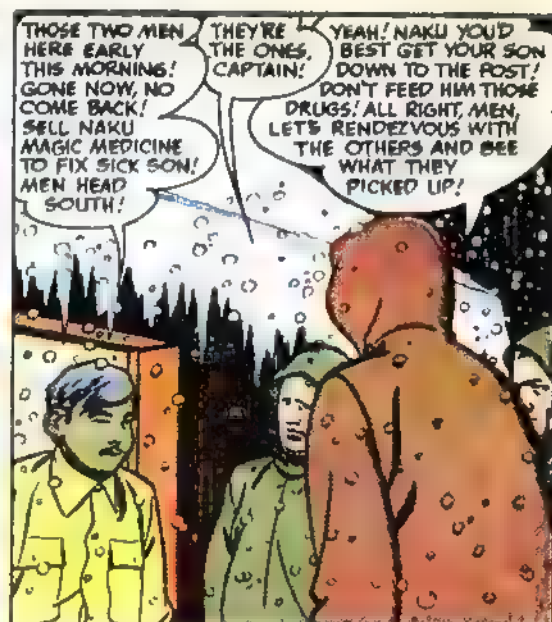
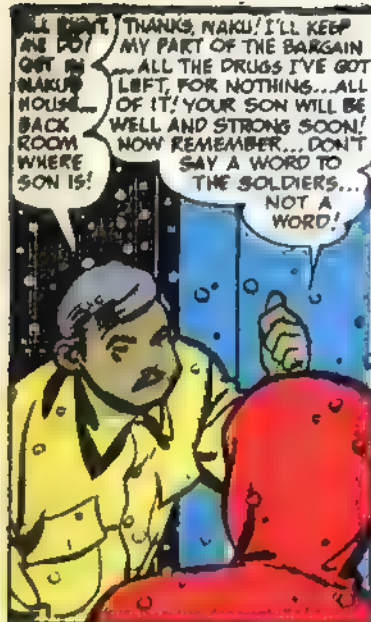
THE TWO B.Y.G.I.'S CACHED THEIR LOOT... A KING'S RANSOM IN FURS AND GOLD... IN AN ABANDONED CABIN ON THE SALMON RIVER, THEN MUSHED UP THE RIVER WITH THEIR DOCTORED DRUGS!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, TONY! WE SHOULD'VE LEFT HERE BEFORE! WE'VE GOT PLENTY... WHEN WE SELL THOSE FURS WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO LAST A LIFETIME!

MAYBE ENOUGH FOR YOU, BUT NOT FOR ME. THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH! AN' STOP CRABBIN'! WE'LL COLLECT AS MUCH AGAIN AS WE'VE GOT SO FAR ON THE SALMON RIVER HERE! THEN WE'LL FLOAT THE FURS AND GOLD DOWN THE RIVER AND SHIP OUT. BACK TO THE STATES... RICH, RICH... LIKE KINGS!







I'LL FIX UP THIS CUT, THEN TAKE NAKUS FRESH DOGS AND HEAD TOWARD THE CACHE AND GET OUTTA THIS ROTTEN COUNTRY AND BACK TO CIVILIZATION! OWWW, THAT DIRTY SAVAGE CUT ME DEEP!

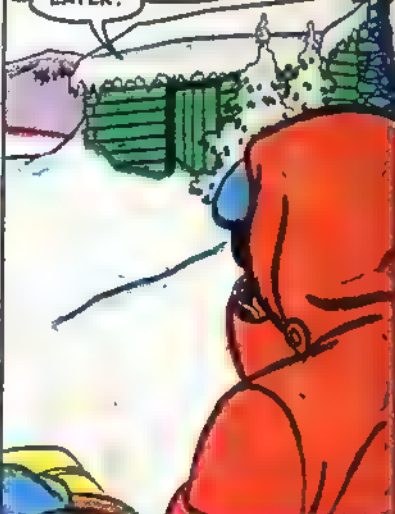


BEHIND THE FRESH MALAMUTES, TONY PELLONE HEADED FOR HIS GOLD AND FUR CACHE ON THE RIVER...



MUSH ON, YA HUSKIES... MUSH ON! THIS SHOULDER BURNS LIKE FIRE!

AH, THERE'S THE CABIN AT LAST! I... I FEEL FUNNY... MUST BE THIS SHOULDER CUT! I... I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE... I'LL FEEL BETTER LATER!



GEEZ, I FEEL WEAK! I... I GOTTA REST FOR A LITTLE WHILE! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT SOON! I REST! MAYBE IF I WASH UP A LITTLE I'LL FEEL BETTER!



I'LL WASH MY FACE AND... MY FACE SPOTS ON IT! I GOT IT... I GOT THE POX! BEING IN THAT ROOM WITH NAKUS DEAD KID... I MUST'VE GOT IT FROM HIM! THE DRUGS... THE MIRACLE DRUGS! HA, HA, HA! I'VE GOT THE DRUGS... I'LL FIX MYSELF UP FAST! I'LL GET OUT OF THIS YET!



THE DRUGS... THEY'RE NO GOOD! WE... WE MIXED THEM WITH SUGAR... WE... WE RUINED THE DRUGS... THE DRUGS THAT CURE THE POX!



TWO DAYS LATER THE MILITARY POLICE FOUND THE BODY OF ANTHONY PELLONE IN THE CABIN, SURROUNDED BY UNTOLD WEALTH IN GOLD AND PRECIOUS FURS! THE RECORDS SHOW THAT ANTHONY PELLONE DIED ON JUNE 20TH, 1946! WITH HIS DEATH, THE BLACK MARKET IN ALASKA CAME TO AN END!

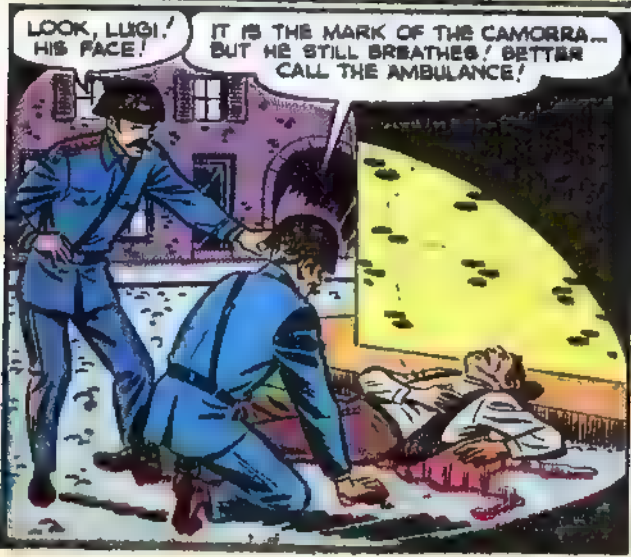
HE DIED OF THE POX... SORT OF A POETIC JUSTICE IN THAT!



THE END



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE CRIMINALS FLED INTO THE MURKY SHADOWS...



BUT IT IS IMPORTANT! SO LONG AS THEIR IDENTITY IS KEPT SECRET, THEY ARE FREE TO COMMIT OTHER CRIMES! IF YOU TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, IT MAY HELP OTHERS!



TO TELL YOU WHO THEY ARE WOULD NOT ONLY BE A WASTE OF TIME, BUT WOULD MARK ME AS A COWARD! IF I LIVE, I WILL AVENGE THIS DAY! IF I DIE... THEY HAVE MY FORGIVENESS!



YOU THINK YOURSELF A BRAVE MAN, BECAUSE YOU REFUSE TO SPEAK, BUT YOU'RE A FOOL... LIKE THE OTHERS!

THINK WHAT... YOU WISH! IT IS BETTER... THIS WAY... ARGHHH!



LATER THAT NIGHT AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NAPLES POLICE...

THE VICTIM'S NAME IS PASQUINO! THERE WERE ELEVEN KNIFE WOUNDS ABOUT THE BODY AND FACE! HE WOULD GIVE NO INFORMATION!

HOW TYPICAL!



WE ARE TRULY HELPLESS! THE CAMORRA WILL CONTINUE TO SPREAD SO LONG AS THEIR VICTIMS REFUSE TO SPEAK! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM TALK!

BUT THEY ARE AFRAID! DEATH ITSELF WON'T LOOSEN THEIR TONGUES FOR FEAR THAT THE CAMORRA WILL DO HARM TO THEIR FAMILIES!

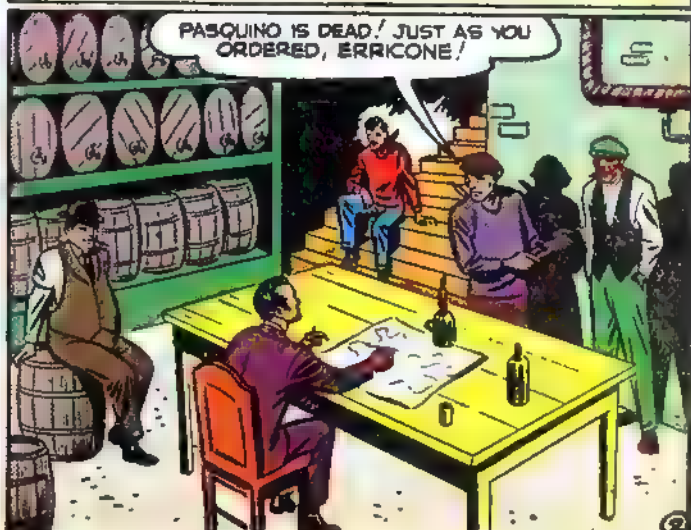


YES, IT IS ALL TOO TRUE... BUT UNTIL THE PEOPLE OF NAPLES OVERCOME THEIR FEARS, THE BLOODY HAND OF THE CAMORRA WILL NOT RELINQUISH ITS GRIP! IT IS UP TO THE PEOPLE! THEY WILL HAVE TO DECIDE!

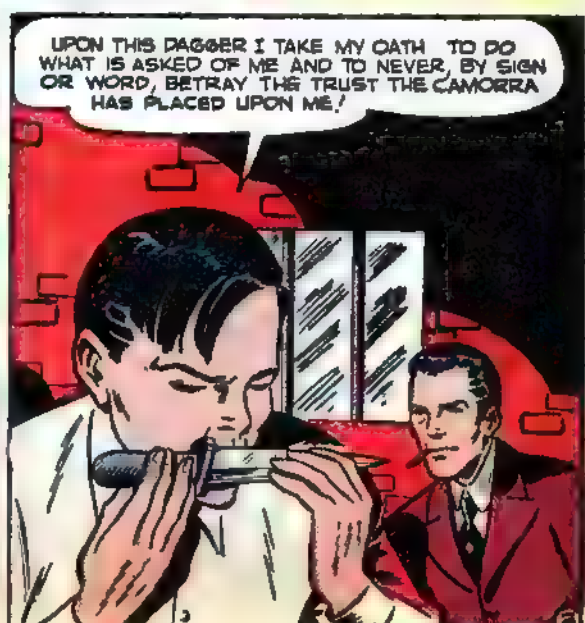
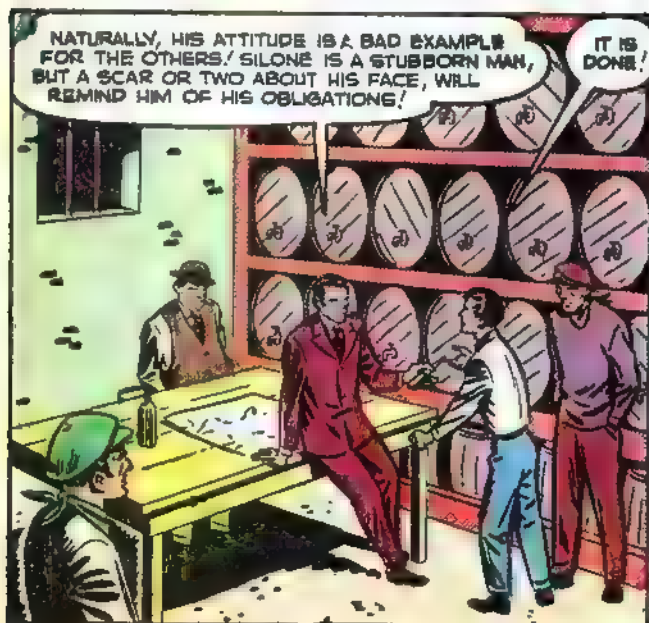
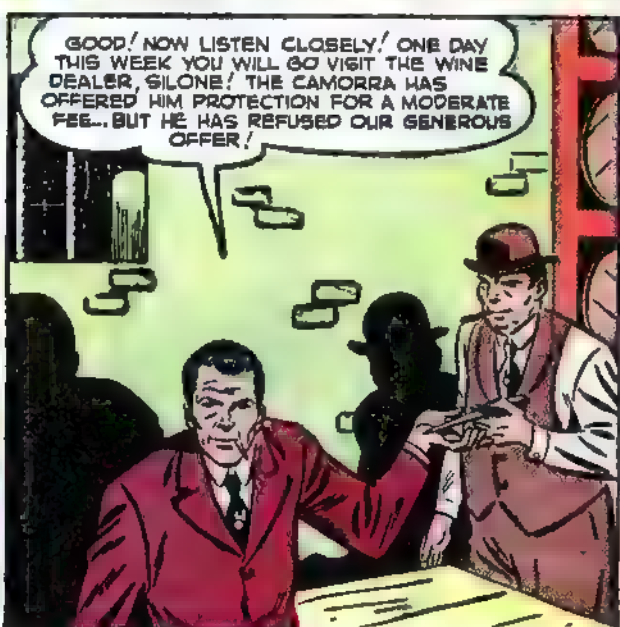


AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT, FAR BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE NOISY STREET, A SECRET CAMORRA TRIBUNAL HELD A SPECIAL MEETING IN A DINGY WINE CELLAR...

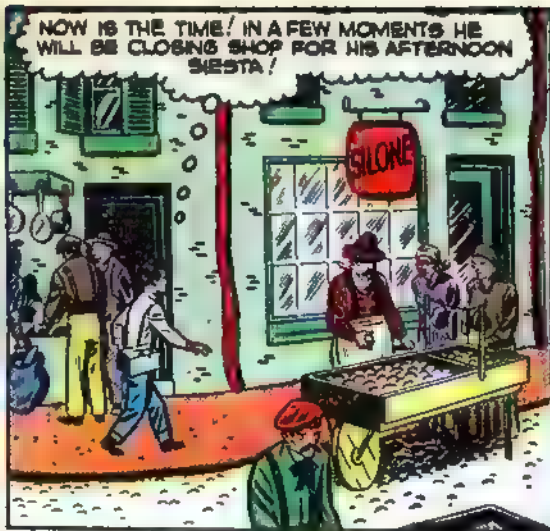
PASQUINO IS DEAD! JUST AS YOU ORDERED, ERRICONE!



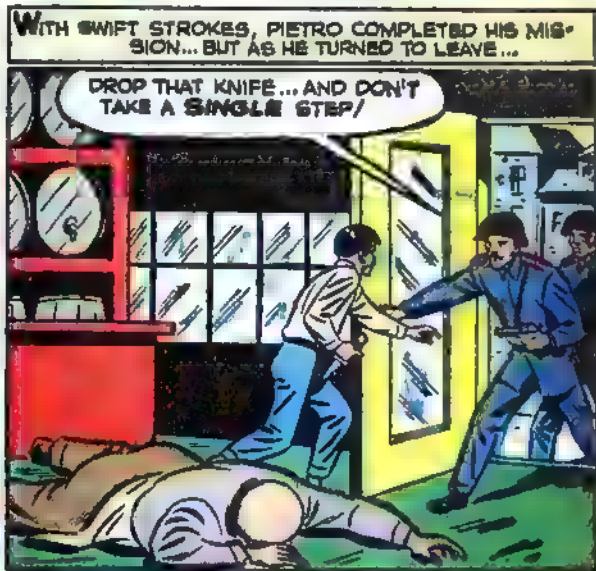
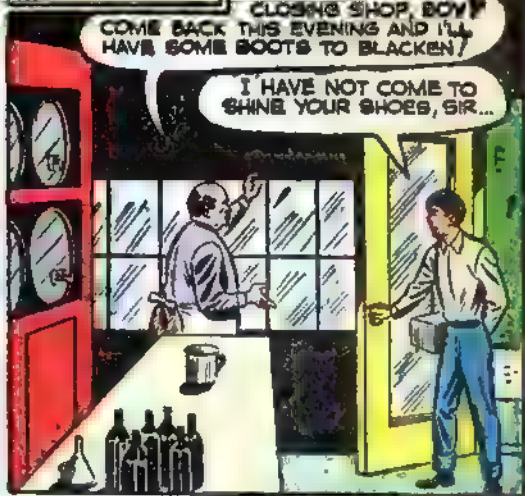
IT WAS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF THE YOUTHFUL BERRICONE THAT THE DREADED CAMORRA BECAME THE SCOURGE OF NAPLES! FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THE SPRAWLING CITY, POOR AND RICH ALIKE PAID OFF TO THE VICIOUS RACKETS... AND KEPT SILENT!



TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE SWeltering HEAT OF THE AFTER-NOON SUN, PIETRO APPROACHED SILONE'S WINE SHOP!



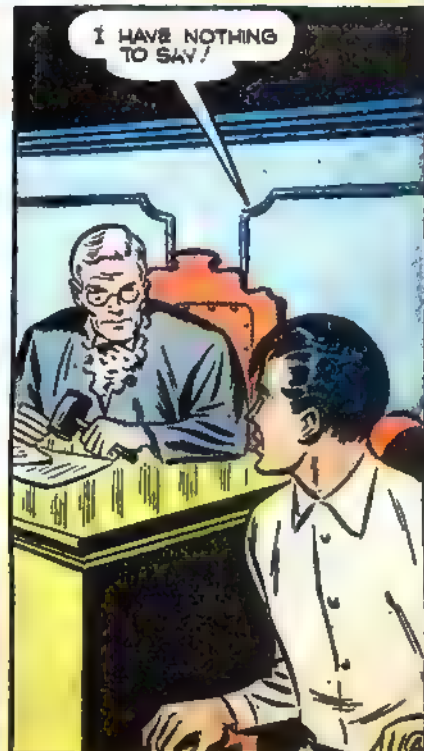
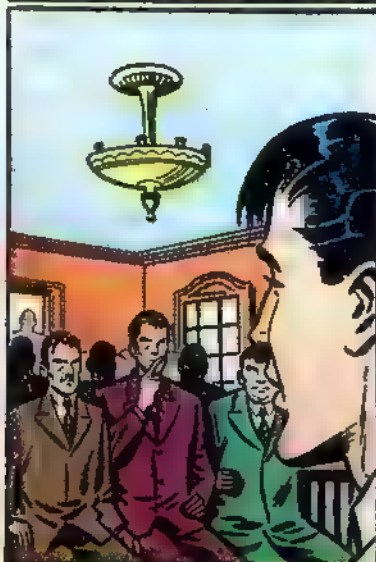
MINUTES LATER...



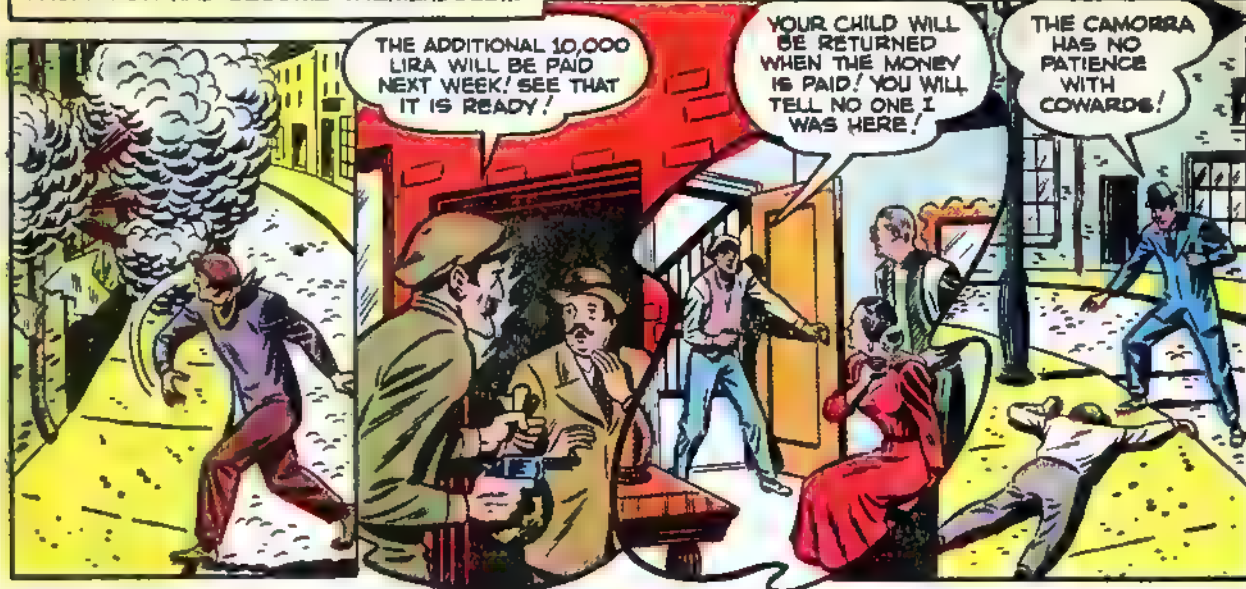
WHEN THE YOUNG BOOTBLACK WAS BROUGHT TO TRIAL, HIS CASE WAS NO DIFFERENT THAN THOSE THAT HAD PRECEDED IT! IN SPITE OF THE COURT'S EARNEST PLEA, IT WAS ALL IN VAIN...

IF PIETRO HAD ANY DOUBTS THEY WERE QUICKLY QUELLED BY THE SIGHT OF A SILENT TRIO THAT OCCUPIED THE FIRST ROW IN THE SPECTATOR'S GALLERY! WITH MEANINGFUL LOOKS AND GESTURES THEIR MESSAGE WAS ELOQUENTLY CONVEYED...

THIS IS YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY TO NAME THOSE WHO HAD SENT YOU TO SILONE'S SHOP! TELL US WHO THEY WERE AND THE COURT WILL RECONSIDER YOUR SENTENCE! WELL, PIETRO., WHAT DO YOU SAY?



THE FACT THAT PISTRO WAS SENTENCED TO HARD LABOR MEANT LITTLE TO THE CAMORRA! THE CITY OF NAPLES WAS FILLED WITH MANY JUST LIKE HIM...BLACKMAILERS, FORGERS, PETTY THIEVES, ALL OF THEM WILLING TO SERVE THE MONSTROUS SOCIETY, WHOSE SECRET RULES AND OATHS HELD SPECIAL FASCINATION FOR THE IMAGINATIVE NEAPOLITAN MIND! AS THE 1900'S DREW NEAR, ITS FASCINATION HAD BECOME TREMENDOUS...



THE ADDITIONAL 10,000 LIRA WILL BE PAID NEXT WEEK! SEE THAT IT IS READY!

YOUR CHILD WILL BE RETURNED WHEN THE MONEY IS PAID! YOU WILL TELL NO ONE I WAS HERE!

THE CAMORRA HAS NO PATIENCE WITH COWARDS!

THROUGH IT ALL, ERRICONE AND THE HIGH RANKING MEMBERS OF THE CAMORRA PROSPERED! IT IS ANYONE'S GUESS HOW FAR THEY COULD HAVE GONE! YET AS IT HAPPENS, WITH MOST GANG RULES, DISSENTION APPEARED IN THE RANKS! THEN, ONE EVENING IN MAY, 1906...

I HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS FOR YOU, SORTINO! IT IS NO NEWS TO YOU THAT GENNARO CUOCOLO HAS OVERSTEPPED HIS RANK!

I AM WELL AWARE OF THAT!



GOOD! THEN IT IS QUITE CLEAR TO YOU WHY HE MUST BE DONE AWAY WITH! HE IS NO LONGER A GOOD CAMORRIST! BESIDES TAKING A LION'S SHARE OF THE PROFIT.. HE SEEKS MY LEADERSHIP AS WELL!

HE IS TOO AMBITIOUS... BUT HOW DO YOU PLAN TO...?



FOR THE MOMENT, LEAVE THE DETAILS TO ME, GOOD FRIEND! WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOUR SURE HAND WILL AID IN STRIKING THE DEATH BLOW, I AM ASSURED OF SUCCESS!

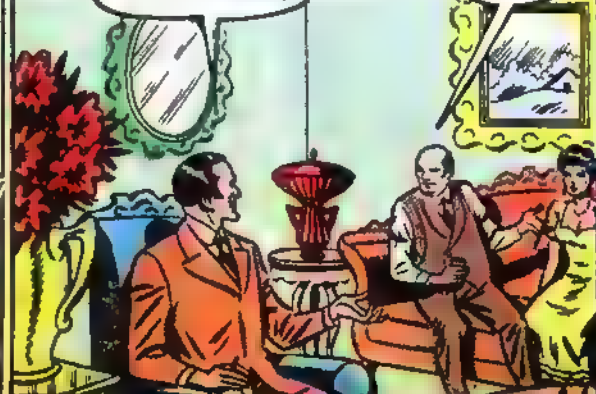
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, ERRICONE'S HATCHET MAN, CORRADO SORTINO, PAID A VISIT TO CUOCOLO'S APARTMENT, IN THE HEART OF NAPLES...

IT WILL BE A LARGE OPERATION, GENNARO...WITH A GOOD SPLIT ALL AROUND! OF COURSE, YOUR JOINING FORCES WITH US WILL GUARANTEE ITS SUCCESS!

YOU HAVE A POINT THERE, SORTINO!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, MARIA?

WHY NOT, GENNARO? FROM WHAT SORTINO SAYS, A LARGE SCALE HOLD-UP OF THIS KIND SHOULD YIELD A GOOD PROFIT! I AM FOR IT!



SORTINO HURRIED BACK TO ERRICONE WITH THE NEWS AND A SECRET MEETING WAS CALLED THAT SAME NIGHT...

YOU ALL UNDERSTAND WHAT IS TO BE DONE! SORTINO WILL BE IN CHARGE AND HIS ORDERS WILL BE FOLLOWED AS THOUGH THEY WERE MY OWN! ACCOMPLISH YOUR MISSION AND ALL OF YOU SHALL BE WELL REWARDED!



ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 5TH, 1906, GENNARO MET SORTINO AT A LONELY SPOT ALONG THE SEA-SHORE AT CALASTRO. THE MEETING WAS SUPPOSEDLY ARRANGED TO DISCUSS THE FORTHCOMING HOLD-UP.

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? YOU SAID THERE WOULD BE A MEETING!

THERE WILL BE! ERRICONE IS AT THE VILLA WAITING! COME, IT'S ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! IF THE MEETING WAS TO BE HELD AT THE VILLA WHY DON'T WE GO THERE DIRECTLY?

THAT IS WHERE WE ARE GOING! COME, GENNARO, THERE IS NO REASON FOR ALARM! ONLY A FEW STEPS MORE BEYOND THE TURN!



THEN, A MOMENT AFTER THEY MADE THE TURN...

A TRAP! NO!

YES, GENNARO! FOR YOU!



WAIT! LET ME ... ARGHH!



NO FEWER THAN FORTY-SEVEN KNIFE WOUNDS WERE INFLICTED UPON THE STRIKEN GENNARO/TREN AS HE SANK TO THE GROUND, HIS LIFE BLOOD STAINING THE WHITE SANDS OF CALASTRO, SORTINO KNELT BESIDE HIM.

THIS KNIFE IN HIS HAND WILL MAKE IT APPEAR AS THOUGH HE HAD PICKED A FIGHT! NOW THERE IS STILL ONE THING FURTHER TO DO!



TAKING THE DEAD MAN'S KEYS FROM HIS POCKET, SORTINO AND TWO OTHERS RETURNED TO GENNARO'S APARTMENT!

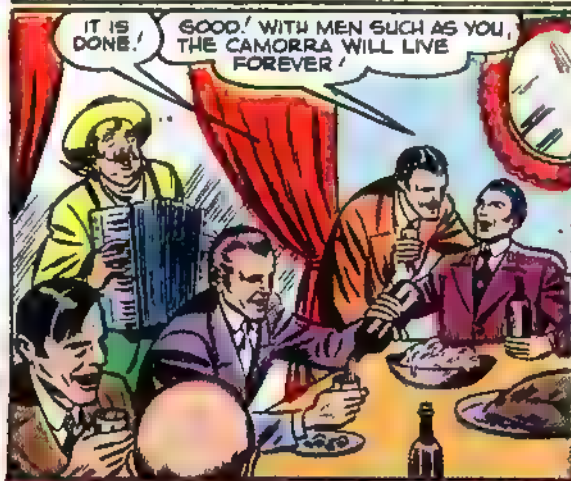
REMEMBER! GIVE HER NO CHANCE TO MAKE AN OUTCRY!



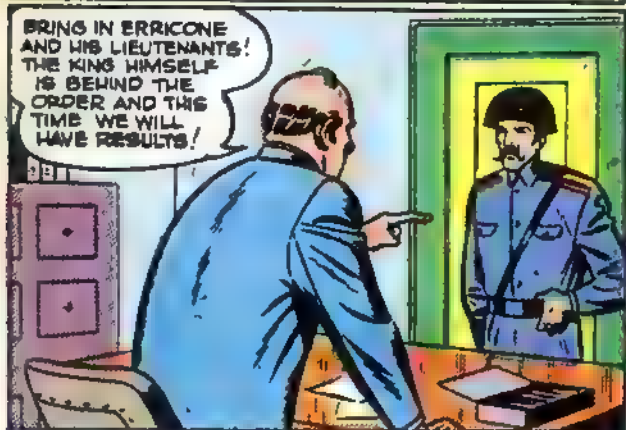
MAKING A SILENT ENTRY THE ASSASSIN SURPRISED MARIA CUOCOLA AS SHE PREPARED FOR BED! THREE FLASHING KNIVES FELL ELEVEN TIMES AND THERE WAS NO OUTCRY...



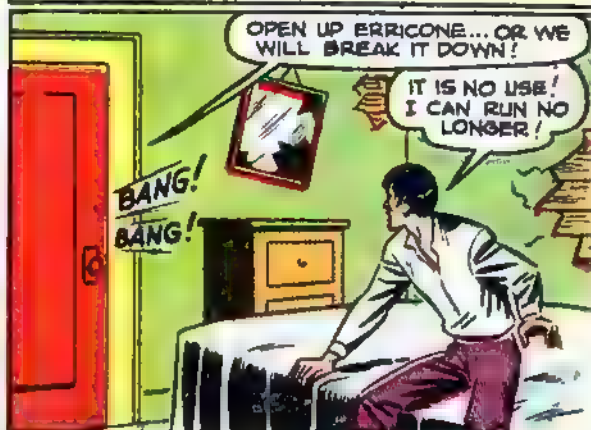
WHILE HIS VICTIM'S BLOOD EBBED FORTH, ERRICONE DRANK RED WINE AT A BANQUET ONLY A FEW MILES DISTANT FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME! IT WAS HERE THAT SORTINO REPORTED...



BUT ERRICONE'S WORDS WERE SPOKEN IN HASTE! THE DEATH OF GENNARO CUOCOLA AND HIS WIFE SPLIT THE CAMORRA WIDE OPEN. RIVAL FACTIONS, OTHERWISE SILENT, NOW TALKED... THE FINGER BEGAN TO POINT...



ERRICONE ESCAPED THE POLICE NET AND FLED TO AMERICA, HOPING TO FIND SANCTUARY IN THE HEAVILY POPULATED ITALIAN SECTION OF NEW YORK! THEN ONE DAY...



THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT HAS ISSUED EXTRADITION PAPERS FOR YOUR RETURN! WE'LL BE GLAD TO GET RID OF YOU!



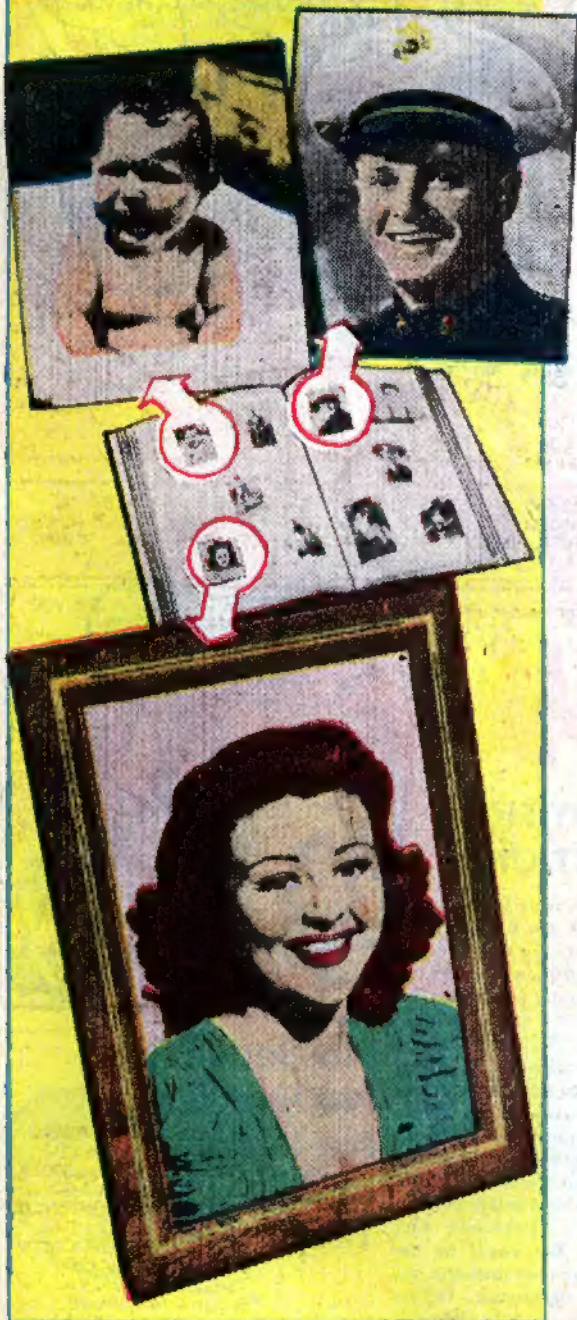
IT IS WITH GREAT SATISFACTION THAT THE COURT SENTENCES EACH OF YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!



THE TRIAL AT VITERBO SERVED AS A DEATH BLOW TO THE CAMORRA! WITH ERRICONE AND HIS LEADERS SENTENCED TO LIFE TERMS, THE DISORGANIZED SOCIETY WENT TO PIECES! ONLY THE AWFUL SOUNDING NAME, "CAMORRA", STILL LINGERS IN THE MEMORY OF OLDER ITALIANS BUT FORTUNATELY IT'S ONLY A MEMORY...



New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame



Sensational Offer Only **19¢** EACH

FROM YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOT, PHOTOGRAPH OR NEGATIVE

Send Any Photo For Beautiful 5x7 Inch ENLARGEMENT On This SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER! Your Original Returned

Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 19¢ each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 19¢ each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils.* SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

RUSH YOUR ORDER! Your enlargement will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios!

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Today!

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 7311-D
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Enclosed find _____ snapshot or negative.
(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make _____ Enlargement and Frame.
(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 19¢ each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10 day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ (Zone) STATE _____

Fill in description below. Check back of picture if sent.

CLIP—Picture No. 1

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

CLIP—Picture No. 2

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

IMPORTANT!—DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY to Receive Your Beautiful New Silk Finish ENLARGEMENT and Ivory Gold-Tooled Frame

Here's What to Do:—SEND NO MONEY! Just send us a snapshot, photograph or negative of your favorite picture. Mail with the coupon. Accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives and pay postman only 19¢ each plus small mailing cost for picture and frame. If not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. But you may keep the frame as a gift for promptness. Limit 2 to a customer. Original snapshot or negative will be returned. NOTE: Be sure to enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oils. Rush coupon with photo or negative today before offer is withdrawn.

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man"... super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS
OUT in Seconds with
VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

**10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER**

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. We save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



**No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!**



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLOO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept 2810
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

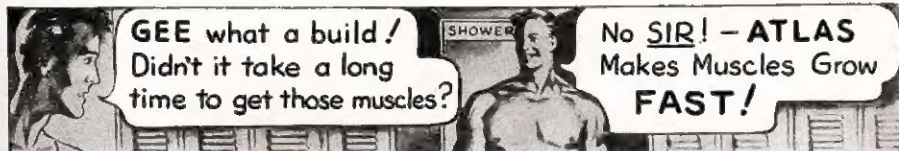
- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.



Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

5 inches of new Muscle

"My arms increased 1 1/4"; chest 2 1/4"; fore-arms 1 1/4" — C. S. W. Va.

What a difference!

"Have put 3 1/4" on chest (normal) and 2 1/4" expanded — F. S. N. Y.

Here's what ATLAS did for ME!

John Jacobs
BEFORE
John Jacobs
AFTER

For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS

"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." — W. G. N. J.

GAINED 29 POUNDS

"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." — T. K. N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Developed Man" in international contest — a competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, I or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to feel with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the DOMINANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**!

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE AND VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK

'Everlasting Health and Strength'

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today—**at ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 609, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 19, New York.**

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 609
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

REDUCE KEEP SLIM AT HOME WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!

ELECTRIC SPOT REDUCER

TAKE
POUNDS
OFF—
KEEP SLIM
AND TRIM

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

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**Don't Stay FAT— You Can LOSE
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** without risking
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Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away

waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts.

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Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

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Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by slugs, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

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Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1, upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

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